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POEMS

CHARADES, INSCRIPTIONS

OF

Pope Leo XIII

INCLUDING THE REVISED COMPOSITIONS OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION AND NOTES

BY

H. T. HENRY

OVERBROOK SEMINARY

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POEMS OF
POPE LEO XIII

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WHEN, in 1897, Andrew Lang, the foremost man of letters in England, cabled to the New York *World* his exquisite translation of the *Epistola ad Fabricium Rufum*, the general reading public was made aware of the poetical attainments of Leo XIII. The *Ode on the Opening Century*, which appeared three years later, was accordingly welcomed with the greatest interest, and was translated into all the tongues of Europe, Andrew Lang and Francis Thompson figuring prominently amidst the host of its translators into English. The New York *Independent* published a correct and vigorous version by its Editor, William Hayes Ward, as well as an editorial expressing deepest admiration at the extraordinary illustration furnished by the Ode, of the intellectual powers of a nonagenarian Pontiff.

The Pope, however, had been writing Latin verses ever since the year 1822, and had covered well-nigh all the fields of poetic endeavor. Stately odes, sparkling *jeux d'esprit*, charades, heroic hymns, familiar epigrams on and to his friends, quatrains, inscriptions—a wealth of outpourings of head and heart. Interesting as all these are because of the sublime dignity of the Author, they become, if possible, even more valuable as mirroring the genial, cultured, affectionate, devout soul of the man and the priest. Among the many biographies already published, a volume of the Pope's verse, reveal-

ing in his own words the inner heart of the great Pontiff, might well seem indispensable.

To the educated man who still retains some interest in the classic rhythms of his collegiate study, such a volume should appeal with special force, as it furnishes a pleasant illustration of modern themes dressed out in the diction of Virgil and Horace. The Pope has used many metres—hexameters, pentameters, iambic dimeters, hendecasyllabics, Sapphics, Alcaics, the elegiac couplet, and Ambrosian quantitative stanzas.

The poems are arranged chronologically, and thus become a versified commentary, as delightful as it is authentic, on the marvel of the Pope's life and labors. The volume contains an ample Appendix of Notes—historical, critical, exegetical.

OVERBROOK, *May*, 1902.

POEMS OF
POPE LEO XIII

CARMINA

POEMS

AN. MDCCCXXII

AD VINCENTIVM PAVANIVM

E S. I.

NOMINE, Vincenti, quo tu, Pavane, vocaris,
Parvulus atque infans Peccius ipse vocor.[1]

Quas es virtutes magnas, Pavane, sequutus
O utinam possim Peccius ipse sequi.

[1]) Imposita auctori ad sacrum baptisma fuerant nomina Ioachimo, Vincentio, Raphaeli, Aloisio. Sed mater eius Vincentium appellari maluit ob honorem Vincentii Ferrerii, cuius extitit cultrix eximia. Quod ille nomen serius cum Ioachimo commutavit.

TO VINCENZO PAVANI, S. J.

(1822)

THY very name, Pavani, Vincent styled,
Was mine—a little child.[1]

What mighty virtues thou didst well pursue,
Would I might follow, too!

[1]) The author had received in baptism the names Joachim, Vincent, Raphael, Aloysius. But his mother preferred that he should be called Vincent, in honor of Vincent Ferrer, towards whom she was very devout. Later in life the author preferred to be called Joachim.

AN. MDCCCXXX

DE INVALETVDINE SVA

PUBER bis denos, Ioachim, vix crescis in annos;
Morborum heu quanta vi miser obrueris!

Iuverit hos fando tristes memorare dolores,
Et vitae aerumnas dicere carminibus.

Nocte vigil, tarda componis membra quiete:
Viribus effetis esca nec ulla levat

Languentem stomachum; depresso lumine ocelli
Caligant; ictum saepe dolore caput.

Mox gelida arentes misere depascitur artus
Febris edax, mox et torrida discruciat.

Iam macies vultu apparet, iam pectus anhelum est;
Deficis en toto corpore languidulus!

Quid tibi blandiris, longos quid prospicis annos?
Atropos horrendum mortis adurget iter.

Tunc ego: "non trepida frangar formidine: mortem,
Fortis, dum properat, laetus et opperiar.

Non me labentis pertentant gaudia vitae,
Aeternis inhians nil peritura moror.

Attingens patriam, felix est advena, felix
Si valet ad portum ducere nauta ratem."

ON HIS SICKNESS

(1830)

A YOUTH of twenty years—how sickly and how spare!
Ah, to what natural shocks my flesh is heir!

Haply to utter here my memorable grief,
May bring, if not surcease, some sad relief.

Through sleepless nights in vain I fretfully compose
My weak and weary limbs to seek repose.

My food no strength affords; my drooping lids complain
Of light; and oft my head is racked with pain.

Anon my parchéd limbs a wasting ague chills,
Anon with torrid heats of fever fills.

Haggard and wan my face, and laboring is my breath:
Languid I walk the way to dusty death.

Why shall I cheat my heart, and years a-plenty crave
When Atropos compels the dreaded grave?

Rather my soul will speak: "O Death, where is thy sting?
With gladness I await thy triumphing!

"The passing shows of life shall not disturb my peace,
Who long to taste the joy that cannot cease.

"Happy the exile's feet to press the Fatherland;
Happy the storm-tossed bark to gain the strand!"

AN. MDCCCXXXI

ROGERIVS A. C.

ADOLESCENS [1]

EFFRONTEM MVLIEREM DEPELLIT

QUID fucata genas, quid, vultu habituque proterva,
Mente agitas? Procul hinc siste, Amarylli, pedem.

Letiferum stillas meretricio ab ore venenum,
Infandum venis, proh pudor, ulcus alis.

[1]) Auctori amicus et in studiis litterarum socius.

RUGGERO[1] REPELS THE WANTON

(1831)

WITH red-flaming cheek, with gaudy array,
What snare dost thou plan? Amaryllis, away!

For a poison of asps is under thy tongue,
And a hideous ulcer thy bosom hath wrung.

[1]) A friend and fellow-student of the Poet.

LUDICRA

(MDCCCXXXIV)

CHARADES

(1834)

LAC–RIMA

IOSEPHO LOVATELLIO

SODALI

PRIMUM, mi Lovatélle, cum bibissem
Phthisi convalui ocius fugata.

Cymbam, quae liquidis natabat undis,
Alterum maris in profunda mersit.

Quid *totum*, tibi nosse dant ocelli
Turgentes, faciesque luctuosa,
Et quae nescia comprimi aut domari
Heu matre exanimi, intimas medullas
Angit, excruciatque vis doloris.

(*Parafrasi italiana.*)

Scarno era il volto, era affannoso e fioco
Il respiro, e un venen lento e sottile
Il mio frale struggeva a poco a poco.
Bevvi il *primier*, o Lovatel gentile:
Tosto nell'arse membra inaridita
Tornò più bella a rifiorir la vita.

Del mar nel seno ondoso agile e snello
Dei remiganti fra il giulivo grido
Veleggiando sen giva il mio burchiello,
E già toccava il sospirato lido:
Quand'ecco, ahi dura sorte! il mio *secondo*
Del mar lo fea calar nell'imo fondo.

Ben, il *total* qual sia, veggo in te stesso:
Da che perdesti l'adorata madre
Lo veggo sul tuo ciglio ognora espresso
Nel volto, nelle gote umide ed adre;
E in quel che sì ti crucia e mente e core
Acerbo, inconsolabile dolore.

LAC–RIMA [1]

I DRANK the *first*, my friend,
And phthisis had an end.

But with the *next*, my boat
Must cease, at last, to float.

The *whole* your eyes have known,
Your pallid cheeks have shown;
For oh! the swelling tide
No bravest heart could hide,
When your dear mother died.

(*Translation of Italian paraphrase.*)

My face was gaunt, my breath was scant;
A subtle poison stealing slowly
Through all my limbs did strength supplant
With weakness and with melancholy:
But when I drank my *first*, dear Lovatello,
I felt renewed, and quite another fellow!

How lightly on the swelling deep
My little boat was nimbly dancing,
While voice and oar with rhythmic sweep
Welcomed the shore so near advancing:
So near, and yet so far! Alas, we reckoned
Without our host—our bark had sprung a *second!*

I see my *whole* bedim your eye;
For when you lost your dearest mother,
Your dewy cheek could not belie
The grief you vainly sought to smother.
Ah, friend, it is the witness of a sorrow
That from no human help surcease may borrow.

[1]) *Lac* = milk; *Rima* = leak; *Lacrima* = tear.

ARTI–GIANO

DI barbaro oppressor fatte ludibrio
Lasciar l'amato nido
Di Grecia un dì le *prime*, abbiette e povere
Errar di lido in lido:
Ma viste poi della ridente Ausonia
Le spiaggie ed il bel seno,
Sull'ospital terreno
Si ricovraro alfin.

(*Arti*) Ebber qui vanto, e qui belle rifulsero
Dello splendor primiero.
A noi l'antica gloria
Invan s'attenta l'invido straniero
Rapir; tu pure, o Silvia,
Di', se il presume indarno
Or che d'Italia in sulle rive d'Arno
Passeggi il bel giardin.

Tenne l'*altro* qual re del Lazio il seggio
Nella remota etade,
Poi fu signor dell' Umbria, e poi d'Etruria
Dominò le contrade:
E se fola non è, se fosca istoria
Al ver non contradice,
Fu lieto, fu felice
Il lungo suo regnar.

ARTI–GIANO [1]

THE sport of rude barbarian hordes,
From their beloved nest
In Greece, of old my *first* strayed far
As exiles, sore distressed.
Till dear Ausonia's laughing fields
Beheld the wanderers come,
And on her hospitable soil
Build an enduring home.

Here were uplift their graceful heads,
Here shone their splendors old:
Vainly the stranger sought to win
The heritage we hold.
But tell me, Silvia, if he still
Search vainly, as he roves
Beside the Arno's classic stream
In green Italian groves?

My *second*, King of Latium, held
His throne long years ago:
Next Umbria, then Etruria came
His laws benign to know;
For (if it be no mythic tale
The ancient writers tell)
A people happy, blithe, content,
Wisely he ruled and well.

[1]) *Artigiano* = workman; *Arti* = the Arts; *Giano* = Janus.

(*Giano*)[1] L'adorò nume di Quirino il popolo,
Nume guerriero e forte
Che dischiudea del formidato tempio
Là sul Tarpeo le porte,
E ad esso, in un pacifico
Duce e patrono loro,
I mercatanti nel romano foro
Più simulacri alzar.[2]

Di bisso non s'ammanta non di porpora,
Di saio vil ricopre
Il mio *total* le membra; ei nell'inopia
Delle sue man coll'opre
Sudate, industri, e colle veglie assidue
Pensiero e cura ha sola
(*Artigiano*) All'umil famigliuola
Scarso fornire un pan.

Ed è felice e fortunato: l'ansia
Di rea passion nol morde.
In dolce pace, in armonia concorde
Lieto trascorre i dì.

[1]) Historici scripsere Ianum regem antiquissimum Italiae fuisse. Regnavit in Latio et in agro romano. In aliquibus libris reperitur eum etiam in Hetruria regnavisse et in Umbria.—Iani templum aeneum cum aeneo signo iuxta aliquos scriptores erat apud Capitolium seu Tarpeum montem in foro a Numa Pompilio positum.

[2]) In porticibus romani fori in quibus mercatores et foeneratores frequentissime habitabant, erat Ianus summus, medius et imus. *Haec Ianus summus ad imum perdocet* (Hor. I, Ep. 54).—*Postquam omnis res mea Ianum ad medium fracta est.* (Hor. lib. II, Sat. 3). (Ex Forcellinio, *verbo : Ianus.*)

The Romans held him as a god,[1]
Whose valor could unlock
The portals of the dreaded shrine
On the Tarpeian rock.
Patron of peace, his images
Were piously displayed[2]
Where money-lenders in the mart
Securely plied their trade.

In purple and fine linen clad?
Ah no! in homespun coarse
My *whole* is found; in poverty
He spends his vital force:
He toils and sweats and watches long,
And racks his weary head
How he may win for wife and child
A scanty loaf of bread.

Yet is he happy; for no shapes
Of guilt beset his way:
In peace with God and man he toils,
Singing the livelong day.

[1]) Historians have described Janus as the most ancient king of Italy. He reigned in Latium and the Roman territory, and, as certain books have it, also in Etruria and in Umbria. According to some writers, Numa Pompilius placed in the forum, near the Capitoline or Tarpeian hill, a brazen temple of Janus covering his brazen image.

[2]) In the porticoes of the Roman forum used largely by merchants and money-lenders, there was an upper, middle and lower Janus [see note in Appendix].

Thus preaches the forum from the upper to the lower Janus ("All of Wall St.") —Hor. lib. I, Ep. i, 54. Again: *After my bankruptcy at the middle Janus.*—Hor. II, Sat. iii. (Forcellini, *s. v. Janus.*)

CAN–ESTRO

I.

O DELLE donne italiche,
Silvia, decoro e vanto,
Cui crebbe fama e gloria
D'un anglo vate il canto,
Un fiorellin poetico
Oso offerirti anch'io,
Colto pur mo' sul rio
Che irrora il mio giardin.

II.

Ove del bosco *Idalio*
Più folte son le piante
Va sulle sciolte redini
Di corridor spumante
(*Can*) Col mio *primier;* le indomite
Fere affatica al corso
Colla faretra al dorso
Come Diana un dì.

CAN–ESTRO [1]

I.

SYLVIA, the glory and the boast
Of all Italia's fairest,
An English bard thy beauty sang,
And made thy fame the rarest.
I, too, would offer thee a gift—
A little rhymic flower
Plucked in its grassy bower
Beside my garden-brook.

II.

Hie to the thick Idalian wood,
And in its leafy tangle
Follow the foamy steed whose reins
In useless guidance dangle:
My *first* is there. Diana-like,
Pursue with heavy quiver
And footsteps fleeting ever,
The boar and bounding deer.

[1]) *Canestro* = basket; *Can(e)* = dog; *Estro* = divine afflatus.

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III.

Al tuo cantor diè in copia
L' *altro* di Delo il nume,
E il fe' volar del genio
Sulle robuste piume;
(*Estro*) S' io pur l' avessi, a l' etera
Farei con suon concorde
Sulle toscane corde
Un inno risonar.

IV.

Di giunchi intreccio e vimini
E il mio *totale*, umile
Opra di man feminea;
Pur non averlo a vile,
(*Canestro*) Di vaghi fior che olezzano
Ve' colmo ha l' ampio seno:
Di poma l' ho ripieno,
L'accetta, o Silvia, in don.

III.

To bards of old the Delian god
Gave richly of my *second*,
And plumed their pinions for the flight
Where fame and genius beckoned:
Ah, could I share their plenteous gift,
Up to the ether winging
A song more worth the singing
Would leap from this poor lyre!

IV.

Osiers and rushes intertwined
Make up my riddle *wholly;*
'T is humblest work of women's hands—
Yet deem it not too lowly:
Behold, its hollow I have filled
With many a fruit and flower,
To make it, for thy bower,
Sylvia, a pleasant gift!

SOL–FANELLO

ALLA MEDESIMA

VE' gli astri omai rilucere
Sulla celeste volta
Ve' il mar, la terra avvolta
In tenebroso orror.

Sorga il *primiero*, e il fulgido
Suo raggio il monte indori,
(*Sol*) Sorga, e l' erbette e i fiori
Pinga di bei color.

Vago augellin, che roseo
E bigio spiega il manto,
(*Fanello*) È l' *altro*, inetto al canto,
Sol uso a pigolar.

A rischiarar le tenebre
Prendi il *totale* a sera,
(*Solfanello*) N'accendi la lumiera
Già il sol tuffossi in mar.

SOL–FANELLO[1]

(*To the Same.*)

BEHOLD, the heaven glows
With starry light,
While earth and sea repose
In shades of night.

My *first* ascends—each hill
Is ridged with gold;
The flowers new sweets distil,
New charms unfold.

My *second* then in gray
And crimson clad,
Offers an artless lay,
A chirping glad.

Again 't is evening dun:
Strike on the head
My *whole*, for now the sun
Has gone to bed!

[1]) *Solfanello* = match; *Sol(e)* = sun; *Fanello* = linnet.

AN. MDCCCXXXVIII

A MONSIGNOR ORFEI[1]

SCHERZO POETICO

ORFÈO, fama già fu che la nemica
Ira molcendo, attonite e sospese
Traesti al sono della cètra amica
Un dì le fere ad ascoltarti intese.

Forse il valore avito ancor nutrica
E ad egual gloria i tuoi nepoti accese?
Trasfusa in loro tua virtude antica
Rinnovellar potéo le conte imprese?

Ben lo cred'io: del Sannio Irpin le selve
Udir gli accenti d'un Orfèo novello,
L'armonia di sua cètra udir le belve:

E una colomba, dall' Adriaco lido
Spiccando il vol, posò sul mio Castello,
E co' suoi colombin vi fece il nido.

[1]) Mons. Orfei, suo antecessore nella Delegazione di Benevento, aveva ceduto una parte del Palazzo Apostolico, detto il *Castello*, al Presidente del Tribunale, avv. Palomba, venuto da Loreto.

AN. MDCCCXXXVIII

IDEM LATINE

MULCERE immites cithara, deducere cantu,
Orpheu, fama refert te potuisse feras.

Pristina num virtus renovat portenta? nepotes
Gloria sollicitat numquid avita tuos?

Crediderim: Samnî visus novus Orpheus oris
Elicere arguta dulce melos cithara.

Laevaque ab Adriaca advolitans regione columba
Nostro heu cum pullis in lare nidificat.

AN. MDCCCXXXVIII

IDEM LATINE

MULCERE immites cithara, deducere cantu,
Orpheu, fama refert te potuisse feras.

Pristina num virtus renovat portenta? nepotes
Gloria sollicitat numquid avita tuos?

Crediderim: Samnî visus novus Orpheus oris
Elicere arguta dulce melos cithara.

Laevaque ab Adriaca advolitans regione columba
Nostro heu cum pullis in lare nidificat.

TO MONSIGNOR ORFEI [1]

(1838)

ORPHEUS, 't is said, with melting lay
Could soothe the beasts of prey,
And lead them forth of brake and brier,
Sequacious of the lyre.

Does not his power again unfold
The magic wrought of old?
Does not his spirit still inflame
The race that bears his name?

Well might I credit such a thing,
Hearing *our* Orpheus sing
And launch from his resounding lyre
Shafts of melodic fire!

Alack! a silly dove hath flown
Hither from Adria's zone;
Why, in our chimney stands confessed
His birdling's raucous nest!

[1]) Mons. Orfei, the predecessor of Mons. Pecci in the Legation of Benevento, had assigned a part of the Apostolic palace, called the *Castello*, to the President of the Court, Palomba, a lawyer from Loretto.

AN. MDCCCXLI

A FULVIO BELLELIO[1]

SCHERZO POETICO

AURA spira da te di Paradiso
Che di grazia e beltà tuo volto infiora:
Il dolce sguardo ed il gentil sorriso
Soavemente i cor lega e innamora.

Che se turbi la fronte, e d'improvviso
E magnanimo sdegno ardi talora,
Della tua voce al suon ciascun conquiso
Per la tema allibisce e trascolora.

Dischiusa è a te d' ogni saver la via;
Vate, sofo, orator da tuoi verd' anni;
Sublime ingegno al ciel t' aderge e india.

Dispiega a volo ognor più ardito i vanni,
Nè paventar di maldicenza ria,
Di codardo livor l'oltraggio e i danni.

[1]) Bellelio, vanitoso, encomiava sovente la propria bellezza, e tenevasi in conto di letterato, filosofo ed oratore.

TO FULVIO BELLELIO[1]

(1841)

MESEEMS a zephyr, strayed from Paradise,
Breathes from the roses blooming on your cheek;
Your winning smile, your courtesy antique,
Bind every heart to you in loving ties.

But when the lightning flashes from your eyes,
And angry clouds your snowy forehead seek,
And from your mouth the red-lipped thunders [speak—
How blanches every face in dread surmise!

Thou oraclest what path the world should take,
O Bard, and Seer, and Orator of youth:
Surely such genius should the earth forsake!

Spread then your pinions for the flight: good sooth,
You will not fear the venom-spitting snake,
The laughing mob, or mordant Envy's tooth.

[1]) A conceited fellow who often boasted of his good looks and reckoned himself a philosopher, an orator, and a man of letters.

AN. MDCCCXXXXII

IN MAEVIVM

VIRVM CALLIDVM ET ABNORMEM

MAEVIUS abnormis, quem plebs festiva Quiritum
Ridet, et argutis vellicat usque iocis,

Nudato capite, effusis per colla capillis,
Palliolo in teretes lene cadente humeros,

Aestiva et tunica accinctus, per compita nuper
Spectandus populo Maevius ibat ovans.

Atqui iam horrescebat hyems, iam frigidus aer,
Et contracta gelu flumina constiterant.

Admirari omnes, resonare et sibila: euntem
Densa humeris strepitu turba proterva premit.

Tum quidam mihi subridens: vulpecula mores
Non mutat, vellus mutat at illa suum.

Callidior vulpes pol! Maevius: aspice, utrumque
Is mavult, morem et vellus, utrumque tenet.

ECCENTRIC MAEVIUS

(1842)

A BUTT for jokes and antic play
Of idlers on their holiday,
Eccentric Maevius wends his way;

His head unbonneted and bare,
His neck concealed by tumbling hair,
His cloaklet borne with jaunty air.

Joyous he pushes through the swarm,
Clad in the garb of summer warm—
Certes, a curious uniform!

Curious indeed; for now, behold!
The raging winter's icy cold
Hath even the running streams controlled.

Was ever such a sight as this?
Be sure that Maevius shall not miss
The jostling elbow and the hiss!

Said one to me, with knowing smile:
"The little fox may change his style
Of skin, but not his native guile;

But Maevius is a craftier fox:
Egad, he will not change his frocks
More than his ways, whoever mocks!"

Cum esset Perusinorum Episcopus, excellentes aliquo genere sacerdotes carminibus laudare, item ex sacris virginibus optimas quasque celebrare consueverat. Carminum quoddam veluti specimen hoc loco proponitur.

While Bishop of Perugia, the author was accustomed to celebrate in song such priests as were remarkable for any special excellence, and also the most deserving amongst the Sisters in Religious Communities. The following poems may serve as a specimen.

AN. MDCCCLXIV

IN NICOLAVM POMPILIVM[1]

PASTOR in exemplum sõllers, florentibus annis,
Suffecit tenero pascua laeta gregi.

Rector in exemplum sapiens, succrescere pubem
Sacris addictam, se duce, perdocuit

Ad mores artesque bonas: laus inde superstes,
Famaque POMPILIVM non peritura manet.

[1]) Nicolaus Pompilius recti tenax, ad consilia prudens, curionis munere apud Prunetenses diu integreque gesto, Canonicus templi maximi Perusini factus est, sacroque Seminario regundo praefectus.

NICOLÒ POMPILI[1]

(1864)

TRULY a Shepherd! In Prugneto's fields
His watchful care a plenteous pasture yields.

Truly a Rector! He instructed youth
By his example how to follow truth

And virtue. So his works the man survive,
And fame forever keeps his name alive!

[1]) A righteous and prudent man, who after a long and blameless pastorate in Prugneto became a Canon of the Cathedral of Perugia and Rector of the Seminary.

AN. MDCCCLXIV

IN PETRVM PENNA[1]

FORTUNATE senex, dulcis dum vita maneret,
Te candore animi, te pietate, fide

Aequabat nemo; laetis in rebus, in arctis
Delicium populi tu, bone pastor, eras.

[1]) Petrus Penna, curio sanctissimi exempli, mira animi simplicitate, multorumque recte factorum memoria clarus.

PIETRO PENNA[1]

(1864)

O WHITE-HAIRED Sage! thy clemency,
Thy faith, thy sweet simplicity,

No equal had: in woe or weal,
Thy people found their pastor leal!

[1]) A most exemplary parish-priest, noted for his perfect candor and zeal in the ministry.

AN. MDCCCLXIV

IN SERAPHINVM PARADISIVM[1]

QUAE subiecta oculis, vera est pastoris imago
Divae *Helenes*, dulci pabulo alentis oves.

Quae patria et nomen fuerit si forte requiras,
Verius hoc referet picta tabella tibi.

Nam patriam dicet Paradisi in sede beatam,
Adscriptumque choris nomen in angelicis.

[1]) Seraphinus Paradisi, parochus in castro *S. Helenes*, integer vitae et carus ubique modestia sua.

SERAFINO PARADISI[1]

(1864)

BENEATH our very eyes is placed the image meet—
How a good shepherd feeds his flock in pasture sweet.

"His country and his name?" should you then chance
to ask,
This picture shall attempt, better than words, the task:

'Twill say: "Why, Paradise the land that claimeth him;
And you will find his name amidst the Seraphim!"

[1]) Pastor at Castello di S. Elena, loved of all for his blameless life and modest manner.

AN. MDCCCLXV

IN SANCTEM PETRAZZINIVM[1]

RELLIGIO et Pietas titulum inscripsere sepulchro
Effusae in lacrimas hunc, PETRACINE, tuo:

"Curio bis denis pius et mitissimus annis,
Parvum sollicito pavit amore gregem.

"In plebem miserans hic, prodigus aeris, egenam
Mirum! vel censu paupere fudit opes."

[1]) Sanctes Petrazzinius, parochus Ecclesiae Ramatiensis, pius in Deum, benignus in egenos, amorem omnium virtute promeruit.

SANTE PETRAZZINI[1]

(1865)

DISSOLVED in grief, Religion, Piety,
This Title placed to thee:

"For twenty years his flock he gently led
And generously fed.

"Wondrous! to help his needy flock, he poured
Wealth from the scantiest hoard!"

[1]) Parish-priest of Ramazzano, meriting love from all for his piety towards God and his charity towards the poor.

AN. MDCCCLXXV

IN HERMELINDAM MONTESPERELLI

ANTISTITAM SACRARVM VIRGINVM CISTERCIENSIVM[1]

PROGENIE illustris, verae et virtutis alumna
Virgo, HERMELINDA et nomine, sacra Deo;

Coenobii custos vigil et fidissima, mater
Provida consilio, propositique tenax.

[1]) Magistra Virginum Cisterciensium ad Sanctae Iulianae per annos XXV, caritatis prudentiaeque laude insignis. Obiit die III Iulii a. MDCCCLXI.

HERMELINDA MONTESPERELLI[1]

(1875)

A NOBLE birth, an honored name,
O Hermelinda, thou couldst claim;
But brighter is thy virtue's fame!

An ever-watchful sentinel,
A gentle mother ruling well,
Yet firm as rock-ribbed citadel!

[1]) Superioress of the Cistercian Convent of S. Giuliana in Perugia; celebrated for her charity and prudence. Died July 3, 1861.

AN. MDCCCLXXV

IN ROSALINDAM BASTIANI

ANTISTITAM COENOBII AD S. CATHARINAE[1]

VIRTUTES celebrare tuas, praeclaraque gesta
Quis valeat, vel quod par erit ellogium?

Ellogium *matris:* sacra inter septa senescis
Spectanda exemplis et pietate gravis.

Acclamant *matrem* concordi voce sorores,
Tu dux, tuque illis provida *mater* eras.

Ereptam terris te *matrem* nunc quoque dicunt:
Matrem cum lacrimis in sua vota vocant.

[1]) Magisterium coenobii tres et triginta annos continuos gessit. Ob singularem animi bonitatem sacrae virgines eam familiariter appellare consueverant *la nostra buona mamma.* Obiit die XXVI Decembris MDCCCLXXI.

ROSALIND BASTIANI[1]

(1875)

TO celebrate thy deeds and virtues rare,
What eulogy may tongue or pencil dare?

A Mother's praise is thine, who grewest old
No less in grace than years amid thy fold.

The sisters still a Mother thee acclaim,
Whose tender care so merited the name.

Death snatched thee from their midst; yet, as of yore,
A Mother still their sighs and tears implore!

[1]) She ruled her convent for thirty-three consecutive years, and with such goodness of heart, that the sisters called her familiarly "our good Mother."

AN. MDCCCLXVII

ARS PHOTOGRAPHICA

EXPRESSA solis spiculo
Nitens imago, quam bene
Frontis decus, vim luminum
Refers, et oris gratiam.

O mira virtus ingenî,
Novumque monstrum ! Imaginem
Naturae Apelles aemulus
Non pulchriorem pingeret.

PHOTOGRAPHY

(1867)

SUN-WROUGHT with magic of the skies,
The image fair before me lies:
Deep-vaulted brain and sparkling eyes
And lip's fine chiselling.

O miracle of human thought,
O art with newest marvels fraught—
Apelles, Nature's rival, wrought
No fairer imaging!

AN. MDCCCLXX

IN GALLVM[1]

SIBI LICENTIVS INDVLGENTEM

GALLE, quid insanis? quid te torpere veterno,
Diffluere illecebris deliciisque iuvat?

Puber adhuc, prima adspersus lanugine malas,
Deperis incauto captus amore Chloen;

Grandior ecce Bycen ardes, mollemque Corynnam,
Inque dies vulnus saevior ignis alit.

Iamque senescentem, miseroque cupidine fractum
Nunc premit indigno vafra Nigella iugo.

Ecquis erit modus? E coeno caput exsere tandem:
Tandem rumpe moras, excute corde luem.

Cunctaris, veteresque amens sectaris amores?
Iam spes heu misero nulla salutis adest.

Praedam inhians rabidus lateri stat daemon, amara
Te mors, te vindex Numinis ira manet.

[1]) Virum Perusinum intellige, quem ad sanitatem revocare Episcopus diu studuit.

TO GALLUS[1]

(1870)

WHAT madness, Gallus! Ah, what profits it
To drown in pleasure's bath thy saner wit?

Scarce had the down of youth o'erspread thy cheek,
Till Chloe's love thy sinful heart would seek.

Then Byce, then Corynna, thy desire;
And daily smarts thy wound with deeper fire.

Not even thy whitening hairs the passion cloak
That flings thee groveling 'neath Nigella's yoke.

Where shall it end? Rise from the filthy mire,
Break the sad chain, and cleanse thy foul attire.

Thou dalliest, loving still thy cruel chains?
Alas! what hope of safety then remains?

Lo! at thy side the Demon waits his prey,
And Death is summoning to the Judgment Day!

[1]) Meant for a certain citizen of Perugia, whom the Bishop had been long trying to reform.

AN. MDCCCLXX

DAMNATORVM AD INFEROS

LAMENTABILIS VOX

"O si daretur hora!"

AUDITUS stygiis gemitus resonare sub antris:
"O detur miseris, hinc procul, hora brevis!"

Quid facerent? Imo elicerent e corde dolorem:
Admissumque brevis tolleret hora nefas.

"O FOR ONE HOUR!"

(1870)

A CRY resounds through Stygian dungeons drear:
"O for a single hour away from here!"

What would the spirits do in time so brief?
Purge their sin-laden souls with heartfelt grief!

AN. MDCCCLXXI

RICORSO ALLA VERGINE

NELLE TENTAZIONI[1]

QUANDO impudico demone,
D'ogni nequizia pieno,
In te col sozzo anelito
Sparge il suo rio veleno,

E adombra già dell'animo
L'almo natio candore,
Alla incorrotta Vergine
Leva la mente e il core.

Bagni pietosa lacrima
Il verecondo ciglio,
E a Lei, che è madre, supplice
Di': son, Maria, tuo figlio!

Poi si converta il gemito
In affannoso grido:
Madre, deh Madre, campami,
In tua virtù m' affido:

Nato pel ciel, tra gli angeli,
Dei gaudii eterni erede,
Non sia giammai che immemore,
Spergiuro alla mia fede,

Ceda all'immondo Asmodeo:
Vergine casta e pia,
D' ogni più lieve macola
Preservami, Maria!

[1]) Per un giovine seminarista.

RECOURSE TO THE VIRGIN

IN TEMPTATION[1]

(1871)

WHEN with purpose foul
The malignant Devil
Breathes upon thy soul
Pestilential evil:

And thy spirit fair
Clouds of horror darken,
To thy tenderest prayer
Bid the Virgin hearken.

On thy blushing cheek
Let the tear-drop glisten;
Say: "O Mother meek,
To thy client listen!"

Let the suppliant sigh
Swell to deeper wailing:
"Mother sweet, I fly
To thy love unfailing:

"Heir am I of bliss
And of glory deathless;
Oh, remembering this,
Let me not prove faithless:

"Let me never yield
To the shameless Devil:
Mary, be my shield
'Gainst the darts of evil!"

[1]) Written for a young seminarian.

AN. MDCCCLXXIII

AD ALOISIUM ROTELLI CAN.

OB LAVDATIONEM

IN PARENTALIBVS

CARMELI PASCUCCI EPISCOPI PTOLEMAIDENSIS [1]

HABITAM

SI iucunda tibi mea vox, excudere et acri
Forte tuo igniculos, docte ROTELLE, novos

Si potis ingenio; meritae cape munera laudis,
Et cape Pastoris praescia vota tui.

CARMELVM immiti celebras dum funere ademptum,
Vi morbi infandae dum pius illacrimas,

Spectandumque refers doctrinae fenore multo,
Insignem meritis et pietate virum,

Maiestate gravem et vultum, dum rite litanti
Ornaret niveas infula sacra comas;

Atque itidem studia et mores animumque benignum,
Os et suave senis, flexile et ingenium,

[1]) Vir eximiae virtutis, praestans ingenio et eloquio, magni Lycei Perusini praeses: diro cruris ulcere misere consumptus a. MDCCCLXXIII.

TO CANON ALOYSIUS ROTELLI

ON HIS PANEGYRIC DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF CARMELO PASCUCCI, BISHOP OF PTOLEMAIS[1]

(1873)

OR if my words should please, or if they serve, belike,
From anvil of thy soul new sparks of fire to strike,

Rotelli, pray accept my praise so merited—
My wishes that presage new glories for thy head!

Whilst thou dost mourn with tears CARMELO's fainting
And tenderly bewail his unrelenting death; [breath,

And then with learned art his splendid virtue scan,
His piety, and all the merits of the man:—

His grave, majestic port when at the Altar found,
And the white, reverend hairs with mitred glory crowned;

And the dear soul benign, and the high-gifted heart,
And venerable face sweetened by grace and art:

[1] A man of eminent virtue, genius and eloquence, and Rector of the University of Perugia (†1873).

Sic graphice pingis divina rhetoris arte,
Illo ut sit praesul nullus amabilior;

Plurima turba virûm pendet dicentis ab ore,
Et cupidâ eloquii vim bibit aure tui.

Ipse sed in primis blanda dulcedine tangor,
Laetitiaque silens efferor, usque memor,

Te puerum fovisse sinu, vitaeque recentis
Afflaret roseas cum levis aura genas,

Fulgidulosque micare oculos vultumque decorum,
Membraque conspicerem nescia stare loco,

Clamasse: eia! adolesce, puer, felicibus ausis
I, quo vivida te mens animusque rapit.

Delapsa e caelo tibi Pieris una Sororum
Frondis apollineae cingat honore caput:

Te verbo Suadela potens, te abstrusa Mathesis
Cultorem iactent invida quaeque suum.

Post, ubi vernantes maturior egeris annos,
Pleno haustu Sophiae sacra fluenta bibas;

Qua duce, dura pati, moliri fortia discas,
Tangere et excelso vertice summa poli.

So dost thou picture him, with eloquence divine,
As none more loved might be in all the priestly line.

Enraptured, every ear drinks in thy words of gold,
And every eye is strained thy magic to behold!

But me a sweeter thought, a blander joy enthralls,
And all my heart leaps up, as memory recalls

How soon within my heart thy love did entrance seek,
When springtime of thy life waked roses in thy cheek;

And how twin gleaming stars lit up thy face so fair;
And how thy nimble feet sought pleasance everywhere;

And how with joy I said: "Advance to man's estate,
And whither genius leads pursue, and challenge Fate!

From the Pierian sky may the sweet Muse come down
And with Apollo's wreath thy dearer forehead crown!

Be thou the envious boast of both scholastic arts—
The one that reckons space, the one that captures hearts:

And when the flowing years maturer power bring,
Drink deep and deeper draughts of Wisdom's plenteous
spring:

Learn from her ample store to suffer, dare, and die—
And with exalted brow touch the remotest sky!"

AN. MDCCCLXXVII

AD ALOISIVM RVFVM

ARCHIEPISCOPVM THEATINVM DESIGNATVM

O BONE Loisides, o Rufae nobile germen
Gentis, quem dudum ad magna aluere Patrum

Exempla et virtus[1]; effusos pectore ab imo
Laetitiae sensus, omina fausta, libens

Excipe: namque Pivs divini ductor ovilis
Te modo Pontificum coetibus inseruit;

Te iure imperitare sacro, teque ubere pleno,
Rvfe, Theatinas pascere iussit oves.

Plaudite Sebeti colles, ubi parvulus infans
Crevit, ubi et studiis lusit amabiliter.

Tuque adeo imprimis plaude ac laetare Theate,
Sertaque Pastori florea necte pio.

Sed cave, sisque vigil[2]: tacita nam mente volutat
Nescia quid votis invida Parthenope.

[1]) Nobilissima Ruforum gens, quam ductam ferunt a Proconsule romano Rufo, omni aetate floruit viris amplissimis in re civili et sacra.

[2]) Rumor per eos dies percrebuerat Aloisium Rufum ex Theatina Sede brevi ad Neapolitanam provectum iri.

TO ALOISIO RUFFO

ARCHBISHOP-ELECT OF CHIETI

(1877)

MY dearest Louis, scion of a race
Famous for noble deeds, who bear'st the trace

Of mighty ancestry,[1] prythee receive
The cordial prayers and greetings that I give.

For PIUS, Shepherd of the Fold, to thee
Hath given a more exalted ministry:

Skilful in laws, and graced with many a gift,
He bids thee now the shepherd's crozier lift.

Rejoice, then, O ye hills that saw his youth
Grow strong in manliness and grace and truth!

Rejoice, Chieti! Yet more gladly thou
Shalt weave a chaplet for thy shepherd's brow.

But have a care, my friend! Parthenope[2]
('T is said) doth cherish queer designs on thee!

[1]) The noble house of the Ruffi, said to have descended from the Roman Proconsul Rufus, in every age gave men of eminence to the service of Church and State.

[2]) There was a rumor abroad that Aloisio Ruffo was shortly to be transferred from Chieti to Naples.

AN. MDCCCLXXIII

GERTRVDI STERBINIAE

VIRGINI SALESIANAE

IVLIVS FRATER

GERTRVDES, o sacra Deo castissima virgo,
Grata, precor, Ivli vota dolentis habe.

Fortunata soror, Superum quae vesceris aura,
Nostri sollicitam te vetus urat amor.

Usque tuis amor ille memor succurrere discat,
Discat et infensis corda levare malis.

Atque olim Ersiliam, natos, dulcesque parentes,
Meque tibi in patria iungat adauctus amor.

THE PRAYER OF JULIUS[1]

(1873)

O GERTRUDE, Virgin chaste! O sacred to the Lord,
To weeping Julius' prayer a kindly ear accord.

Thrice blessed though thou art in realms of heavenly rest,
Thy olden love, I know, still warms thy faithful breast.

From out thine azure sky a helping hand extend,
And hearts so dear to thee from threatening ills defend.

Sweet Ersily, my babes, our dearest parents, guide—
And lead me on with them safe to thy loving side.

[1]) To his sister Gertrude, a Nun of the Visitation Order.

AN. MDCCCLXXIII

GERTRVDI STERBINIAE

VIRGINI SALESIANAE

IVLIVS FRATER

GERTRVDES, o sacra Deo castissima virgo,
Grata, precor, Ivli vota dolentis habe.

Fortunata soror, Superum quae vesceris aura,
Nostri sollicitam te vetus urat amor.

Usque tuis amor ille memor succurrere discat,
Discat et infensis corda levare malis.

Atque olim Ersiliam, natos, dulcesque parentes,
Meque tibi in patria iungat adauctus amor.

AN. MDCCCLXXIII

(*Versione libera*)

VERGIN GERTRUDE, a Dio diletta sposa,
La prece del tuo GIULIO odi pietosa.

A me dolente, ai genitori, ai figli,
A Ersilia mia volgi amorosa i cigli.

Beata in ciel, del ciel nello splendore,
Suora, non oblïar l'antico amore.

E teco un dì, deposto l'uman velo,
Più acceso amor ne ricongiunga in cielo.

AN. MDCCCLXXIII

IDEM SORORIS OPEM IMPLORAT

SVB ALLEGORIA NAVIS

HEU mare sollicitum spumantibus aestuat undis:
Nox heu nimbosum contegit atra polum.

Quassatur ventis, pelago iactatur in alto,
Et iam fracta ratis gurgitis ima petit.

Horremus trepidi, quatit aeger anhelitus artus:
Mors instat, iam iam nos vorat unda maris.

Flet genitor, resoluta comas loca questubus implet
Coniux; cum natis anxius ipse gemens,

"O soror, inclamo, portu iam tuta beato,
Eia adsis, nostras et miserata vices,

Fluctibus in mediis affulge sidus amicum,
Per vada, per syrtes, o bona, tende manus:

Ocius affer opem, pontique e gurgite raptos
Insere sidereis ipsa benigna plagis;

Detur ubi amplexus iterare, et iungere dextras,
Aeternum detur solvere vota Deo!"

TO THE SAME[1]

(1873)

WITH foaming crests the troubled sea
Leaps to its cloud-girt canopy.

Wind-buffeted, with broken mast,
The tossing vessel sinks at last.

A palsied fear each heart enslaves,
Whilst Death waits in the ravening waves.

My father weeps; my wife, with hair
Dishevelled, beats the darkening air;

I clasp my young ones: "Help!" I cry,
"Help, sister, from thy harboring sky:

"Shine through the storm, O beacon-star;
O'er the vast deep stretch forth afar

"Thy hand to snatch us from the sea
And lift our sinking hearts to thee,

"In sweet embraces, as of yore,
To praise the Lord forevermore!"

[1]) Julius employs the allegory of a ship in his prayer to his sister Gertrude.

AN. MDCCCLXXVI

AD IOSEPHVM FRATREM

DE SE IPSO [1]

QUAM felix flore in primo, quam laeta *Lepinis*
Orta iugis, patrio sub lare, vita fuit! [2]

Altrix te puerum Vetulonia suscipit ulnis,
Atque in Loyolaea excolit aede pium. [3]

Mutia dein Romae tenuere palatia; Romae
Florentem studiis docta palaestra tenet; [4]

Tempore quo, meminisse iuvat, *Manera*, Patrumque
Ingenio et fama nobilis illa cohors

Mentem alit, et puro laticcs de fonte recludens,
Te Sophiae atque Dei scita verenda docet. [5]

[1]) Praecipua ante Pontificatum vitae facta commemorat.

[2]) Ortus Carpineti die 2 Martii a. 1810 ex coniugibus Ludovico Peccio et Anna Prosperia, ad octavum aetatis annum in domo paterna moratur. Carpinetum est oppidum in Volscis prope Signiam in sinu montium quos Lepinos vocant.

[3]) A. 1818 cum Iosepho fratre Viterbium mittitur, et Sodalibus e Societate Iesu instituendus traditur.

[4]) Defuncta matre a. 1824, apud avunculum Romae diversatur in palatio Marchionum Muti, ac deinde in Academia Nobilium Ecclesiasticorum.

[5]) P. Franciscus Manera S. I., vir ingenio et doctrina praestantissimus, aliique Patres clarissimi, quos in Lyceo Gregoriano Philosophiae et Theologiae magistros habuit, Andreas Carafa, I. B. Pianciani, Antonius Ferrarini, Ioannes Perrone, Ioseph Rizzi, Ioannes Curi, Antonius Kohlmann, etc.

HIS LIFE AND FORTUNES[1]

(1876)

A CHILD—what happiness thy bosom fills
Beneath thy father's roof, 'mid Lepine hills![2]

A boy—in Vetulonia next, the art
Loyola left, instructs thy mind and heart.[3]

A youth—the Roman College bids thee come,
And Muti's palace offers thee a home.[4]

Manera—he of wondrous gifts—and all
The fathers there ('t is pleasant to recall)

Unlocked the fountains hidden in the sod,
And taught the paths to Wisdom and to God.[5]

[1]) He narrates the principal facts of his life before his Pontificate.

[2]) Born at Carpineto on the 2nd of March, 1810, he remained at home until his eighth year. Carpineto is a town in the territory of the Volsci, near Segni, in the heart of the Lepini mountains.

[3]) In the year 1818 he was sent with his brother Joseph to Viterbo, and enrolled among the students of the Jesuit Fathers. [Vetulonia is retained in the English version in order to signalize the Holy Father's view that it is to be identified with Viterbo. Archæologists have differed widely in assigning a site.]

[4]) His mother dying in 1824, he lived in Rome with his uncle in the palace of the Marquesses Muti, and afterwards in the College of Noble Ecclesiastics.

[5]) Among his teachers of Philosophy and Theology in the Gregorian University were F. Francesco Manera, a man of very notable talents and learning, and other eminent fathers, such as Andrea Carafa, G. B. Pianciani, Antonio Ferrarini, Giovanni Perrone, Giuseppe Rizzi, Giovanni Curi, Anton Kohlmann, etc.

Praemia laudis habes: victrici praemia fronti
Parta labore comas laurea condecorat.

Addit mox animos et vires *Sala* secundas,
Princeps romano murice conspicuus;

Auspice quo cursum moliris, mente volutans
Usque tua tanti dicta diserta senis.[1]

Dulcis Parthenope, Beneventum dein tenet, aequa
Ut lege Hirpinos imperioque regas.

Te gremio laeta excipiens Turrena[2] salutat;
Rectorem atque ducem vividus Umber habet.[3]

Sed maiora manent: sacro nam chrismate inunctus,
Pontificis nutu, Belgica regna petis,

Atque tenes, adserturus sanctissima Petri
Romanae et fidei credita iura tibi.[4]

Redditus at patriae, brumali e littore iussus
Ausoniae laetas et remeare plagas;

[1]) Ioseph Antonius Sala Cardinalis peculiari benevolentia adolescentem complectitur, et sapientibus monitis et consiliis plurimum iuvat.

[2]) Perusia a turribus, quibus muniebatur, dicta est Turrena.

[3]) Laurea doctorali insignitus, post susceptum sacerdotium, a Gregorio XVI P. M. inter antistites urbanos domus Pontificalis adsciscitur a. 1837, ac postea provinciarum Beneventanae et Perusinae gubernator constituitur.

[4]) In sacro Concistorio habito die 27 Ianuarii a. 1843, Archiepiscopus Damiatensis eligitur, et Apostolicae Sedis Nuntius ad Belgas mittitur.

A priest—the Holy Victim offerest thou;
Then jurist laurels crown thy studious brow.

Great Sala, though in Roman purple clad,
For thee how many a kindly feeling had!

Auspicious was his care; his counsel, wise;
His prudent zeal, a lesson for thine eyes.[1]

Naples receives thee; Benevento sees
Thy Hirpine rule observe all equities.

Perugia[2] next received thy gentle care,
And welcomed thee to rule a region[3] fair.

But, greater gift, the Chrism anoints thy head:
To Belgium next the Papal mandate led.

There must thou all the rights of Peter plead,
And guard the treasure of the Roman creed.[4]

Anon, from that drear clime a sweet command
Bade thee return to dear Italia's land.

[1]) Cardinal Giuseppe Antonio Sala was particularly kind to him, offering wise counsel and advice.

[2]) Perugia is styled the City of Towers because of the many towers that formed part of its military defences.

[3]) Having received the Doctor's cap after priesthood, in 1837 he was made a Domestic Prelate by Gregory XVI., and was afterwards appointed governor of Benevento, and then of Perugia.

[4]) In a sacred Consistory held Jan. 27, 1843, he was named Archbishop of Damietta and sent as Nuncio to Belgium (Brussels).

Umbros en iterum fines, urbemque revisis,
Quam tibi divino flamine iungit amor.

Iure sacro imperitas ter denos amplius annos,
Et pleno saturas ubere Pastor oves.[1]

Romano incedis Princeps spectandus in ostro[2]
Belgarumque equitum torquis honore nites.[3]

Te pia turba, Deo pubes devota, Sacerdos
Officiis certant demeruisse suis.

Verum quid fluxos memoras, quid prodis honores?
Una hominem virtus ditat et una beat.

Scilicet hanc unam, aevo iam labente, sequaris,
Ad Superos tutum quae tibi pandat iter:

Aeterna donec compostus pace quiescas,
Sidereae ingressus regna beata domus.

Ah! miserans adsit Deus, eventusque secundet:
Aspiret votis Virgo benigna tuis.

[1]) A. 1846 a Gregorio XVI P. M., in sacro Concistorio die 19 Ianuarii habito, ad Sedem Perusinam provehitur.

[2]) A. 1853, in sacro Consistorio habito die 19 Decembris, a Pio IX P. M., S. R. E. Presbyter Cardinalis renuntiatur titulo S. Crysogoni.

[3]) Belgica Legatione perfunctus, a Leopoldo I Belgarum Rege inter equites torquatos Ordinis Leopoldiani adlectus est.

Perugia, new-espoused[1] to thee of God,
Thou seest again, and Umbria's grateful sod.

By sacred right, full thirty years and more
The Shepherd feeds his flock from ample store.

Then Rome as Cardinal[2] saluteth thee,
And Belgic knighthood[3] crowns thy ministry.

Ah me! so loyal is thy people's love,
Thou scarce canst hope a guerdon from above!

But why recall the fleeting shows of earth?
One only wisdom hath perennial worth:

"Passeth the figure of this world away"—
Follow the path that leads to endless Day,

Until eternal peace be thy reward
Safe in the starlit mansions of the Lord!

O may that pitying Lord the crown prepare,
And the sweet Virgin list thy lowly prayer!

[1]) In a Consistory held Jan. 19, 1846, he was transferred by Gregory XVI. to the See of Perugia.

[2]) In the Consistory of Dec. 19, 1853, he was proclaimed Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, with the presbyteral title of St. Chrysogonus.

[3]) Having finished his mission in Belgium, King Leopold I. decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Leopoldine Order.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

AN. MDCCCLXXVI[1]

AD IEREMIAM BRVNELLI

RHETOREM

DUM Senae Adriacis, Cancri sub sidere, in undis
Mersor, caerulei mulcet et aura freti,

Me salvere iubes, et pignus mittis amoris,
Vota, affert IOACHIM quae mihi sacra dies.

Quae sit par dono, dulci iucunda poetae,
Quae, BRVNELLI, animo gratia digna tuo?

Carmina carminibus, votis et vota rependam:
Te bonus incolumem sospitet usque Deus.

[1]) Cum Senigalliae valetudinis causa moraretur.

TO GEREMIA BRUNELLI

(Professor of Rhetoric)

(1876)[1]

WHILST I at Sena, 'neath a blazing sky
With Adria's wind and wave the Crab defy,

A greeting and a pledge of love you send—
Prayers that your Joachim to heaven commend.

For such a gift, to such a poet sweet,
What kind of thanks, Brunelli, should be meet?

I'll answer song with song and prayer with prayer:
"May God forever keep you in His care!"

[1]) Written whilst the author was summering at Senigallia (or Sinigaglia), the birth-place of Pius IX.

AN. MDCCCLXXXVI

AD IOANNEM ARNOLFVM SERVANZI

EX NOBILI COHORTE

STIPATORVM PONTIFICIS MAXIMI

ANNE anceps *servare* fidem SERVANTIVS? anne
Priscus honorato e pectore cessit amor?

Nil dubita: illecebrae tentent artesque dolosae:
Pontifici immotam *servat* at ille fidem.

TO JOHN ARNULF SERVANZI

OF THE NOBLE GUARD

(1886)

AND does SERVANTIUS still *preserve*
His olden love and loyalty?

O doubt it not! He shall not swerve
From *service* of the Holy See.

S. HERCVLANVS

HERCULANUS, insigni sanctitate vir, Perusinorum Episcopatum ea tempestate gerebat, cum Gothorum copiae Perusiam obsiderent. Civitate capta, capite caesus est. Demortui corpus extra muros proiectum humaniores quidam viri honesta sepultura affecerunt. Quod quadraginta post diebus cum reduces in urbem cives effodissent, in aede Petri Principis Apostolorum sanctiore loco compositurı, integrurı atque omni parte incorruptum invenerunt, sic praeterea conglutinata ad collum cervice, ut vestigia incisionis nulla apparerent.[1] *Hunc Perusini Patronum caelestem salutarem venerantur et colunt: cuius honori aedem a solo aedificatam maiorum pietas dedicavit.*

[1]) Ex lib. III Dial. S. Gregorii Magni.

ST. HERCULANUS

(1874)

HERCULANUS, a man of remarkable sanctity, was Bishop of Perugia at the time when the Goths were besieging the city. Upon its capture, he was beheaded; and his body, cast outside of the walls, was decently buried by some kindly hands. Forty days afterwards, the citizens returned to Perugia, and, desiring to give the body a holier resting-place in the church of S. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, had it disinterred. It was found to be whole and incorrupt in every part, the head and neck being joined so thoroughly that no trace of the incision could be found. The people of Perugia venerate him as their heavenly Patron, while the piety of their ancestors built and dedicated a church in his honor.

AN. MDCCCLXXIV

IN HONOREM

S. HERCULANI

TUTELA praesens patriae
Salve, HERCVLANE: filiis
Adsis, precamur, annuo
Qui te canunt praeconio.

Furens Getharum ab algidis
Devectus oris Totila,
Turres Perusî et moenia
Ope obsidebat barbara.

Iamque ingruebat arcibus
Clades suprema: angustiis
Urbs pressa ubique: civium
Ubique luctus personat.

At Pastor invictus, vigil
Stas, Herculane; et anxio
Pavore fracta pectora
Metu et soluta roboras.

SAINT HERCULANUS

(1874)

O MIGHTY Guardian of this land,
Hail, Herculanus, holy Priest!
Stretch forth to us a helping hand,
Who sing thy yearly Feast.

Forth of the bleak Gethæan shore
The furious Totila had burst,
And fair Perugia's walls no more
Withstood his horde accurst.

For lo! its bulwarked citadel
Is sore beset and blood-besprent,
And all the streets the chorus swell
Of grief and loud lament.

But Thou, unmoved amid the shock
And din of war, a Shepherd still,
Dear watch and ward keep'st o'er thy flock
To save from threatened ill.

Ardens et ore: "pro fide
Pugnate avita, filii;
Dux ipse vester; Numini
Servate templa et patriam."

Hac voce genti reddita
Insueta virtus et vigor;
Mens una cunctis, praelio
Certare forti et vincere.

Septem vel annos, te duce,[1]
Urbem stetisse est proditum,
Et barbarorum copias
Caesas, retusos impetus.

Praecurris omnes; occidis
Spectandus invicta fide,
Virtute frangi nescia,
Et glorioso funere.

Namque urbe subiecta dolo,
Non vi, occupatis moenibus,
Dulci pro ovili sanguinem
Vitamque laetus fundere,

[1]) Huius spatium obsidionis historici recentiores haud longius septem mensibus producunt. Quam sententiam nec affirmare, nec refellere in animo est.

Thy words are shafts of fire: "The sword
Must save the Faith! your foes withstand!
Strike for the altars of the Lord,
Strike for the fatherland!"

Thy voice endues each nerveless arm
With strength and power as from on high:
They fear no more the loud alarm,
But fight to win—or die.

Long seven years (the story runs) [1]—
Thy leadership the city saved;
The thronging hosts of Dacia's sons
In vain their banners waved.

Alack, the fatal day when Thou,
Foremost in faith and love arrayed,
Laid'st in the dust thy priestly brow,
Not conquered, but betrayed.

'T is guile, not prowess, conquereth!
The foe is swarming o'er the walls:
For thy dear flock Thou greetest death
As one who gladly falls.

[1]) According to recent historians, the siege lasted but seven months—a view which it is not our purpose either to affirm or to deny.

Desaevientis Totilae
Iussu, sub ictum cuspidis
Procumbis insons victima,
Auctus corona martyrum.

Et nunc beata caelitum
Regnans in aula, patriam
Pastor, Patronus et Parens
Felix bonusque sospitas.

Laetare Etrusca civitas[1]
Tanta refulgens gloria;
Attolle centum gestiens
Caput decorum turribus.

Novo petita praelio
Tu vim repellas impiam,
Et usque fac refulgeas
Fide Herculani pulcrior.

[1]) Perusia, veteri italicarum regionum descriptione, Etruriae finibus continebatur, cum Etruscorum gens Tyrrheno mari et Apennino, Macra et Tiberi fluviis terminaretur.

When Totila the merciless
  Decrees for Thee the severing sword,
Thou diest—but thy people bless
  A Martyr of the Lord!

And now, in mansions of the blest,
  Thou reignest 'mid the heavenly band,
As "Shepherd, Father" still addressed,
  To save thy fatherland!

O thou Etruscan city fair,
  Rejoice, such glory thou hast found;
Lift up thy head beyond compare,
  With hundred turrets crowned!

Though now by falser foes beset,
  Fight still the battle of the free—
The Faith thy Patron kept, be yet
  More beautiful in thee!

S. CONSTANTIVS

CONSTANTIUS Perusiae christianis parentibus natus, virtute aetatem antegressus, Episcopus patriae suae factus est. Is propter studium christiani nominis multa dictu gravia, perpessu aspera invicto animo pertulit. Nam primum pugnis contundi iussus, deinde in thermis includi septuplo vehementius accensis; sed aquis Dei nutu repente tepefactis, e summo discrimine evasit incolumis. Mox prunarum cruciatu fortissime perfunctus, coniicitur in custodiam: unde christianorum opera extractum satellites imperatorii comprehendunt, et vi vulnerum prope conficiunt. Continuo tamen ille divinitus convaluit: tunc Assisium in carcerem rapitur. Paullo post illinc eductus, cum quamlibet carnificinam subire mallet, quam a proposito disseminandae catholicae religionis desistere, idcirco in trivio apud Fulginium nobile martyrium fecit, Marco Aurelio Vero Imperatore, Sotere Pontifice maximo. Sacrum eius corpus inhumatum proiectum Levianus, magna pietate vir, domo Fulginio, ab Angelo in somnis admonitus, venerabundus feretro composuit. Quod cum Perusiam deduceretur, ea res miraculo fuit, quod sacrarum reliquiarum vectores repente lumen oculorum, quo antea carebant, recepere. Martyrem fortissimum Perusini summa religione colunt, eiusque memoriam, templo extructo, consecrarunt.

ST. CONSTANTIUS

CONSTANTIUS was born in Perugia, of Christian parents. Achieving a virtue that outran his years, he was elected Bishop of his fatherland. He was persecuted because of his zeal for Christianity, and endured with unflinching courage much grievous suffering. First of all he was ordered to be beaten, then to be shut up in the baths, which were heated sevenfold more than usual. God willed, however, that the water should suddenly become lukewarm; and thus he escaped unharmed. Forced to walk over live coals, he bore the torment with the greatest fortitude, and was then cast into prison. Thanks to the efforts of some Christians, he escaped, only to fall again into the hands of the Emperor's satellites, who wounded him nigh unto death. By divine help, however, he immediately recovered, and was then hurried off to Assisi and again cast into prison. Shortly afterwards he was led forth to trial; but declaring that he preferred to suffer any kind of death rather than give up his purpose of spreading the Catholic religion, he achieved a noble martyrdom at the cross-roads of Foligno, during the reign of the emperor Marcus Aurelius Verus and the pontificate of Soter. His body, which had been cast forth unburied, was reverently placed on a bier by Levianus of Foligno, a man of great piety, who had received in sleep an angelic admonition to that effect. While the body was being carried back to Perugia, a wonderful thing happened. The bearers of the sacred relics, who were blind, suddenly received their sight. The people of Perugia entertain the greatest reverence for the mighty Martyr, and have dedicated a church to his memory.

IN HONOREM

S. CONSTANTII

AN. MDCCCLXXVIII

I

FAVETE linguis; hinc procul
Este, o profani; crastinus[1]
Solemnibus CONSTANTII
Sacer dies est martyris.

O Dive, praesens o tuae
Salus decusque patriae!
Redi auspicatus, iam redi
Umbris colendus gentibus.

Te heroa, te fortissimum
Efferre caelo Martyrem,
Oblita laudes Caesarum,
Turrena gestit canticis.

Hyems rigescit,[2] asperis
Montes pruinis albicant,
Solisque crines frigido
Irrorat imbre Aquarius.

[1]) Scriptus est hymnus ob praeludium diei festi.

[2]) Sacra sollemnia ob memoriam S. Constantii aguntur IV Kal. Febr.

SAINT CONSTANTIUS

I

(1878)

CEASE, babbling tongues! Whom earth de-
Begone! for 't is the holy eve[1] [lights,
Of the great Feast that shall receive
A Martyr's solemn rites.

O mighty Patron saint, who art
The guardian glory of this land,
Auspicious view the honors planned
By Umbria's faithful heart.

It leaps with joy to lift thy name,
Heroic Martyr, to the skies,
Forgetful of the tarnished prize
That crowns a Caesar's fame.

Now snowy whiteness heaped upon
Each mountain-peak, the Winter[2] views;
Aquarius with frozen dews
Drenches the bright-haired sun.

[1]) The hymn was written for the Eve (or Vigil) of the Feast.
[2]) The Feast of St. Constantius falls on the 29th of January.

At bruma non desaeviens,
Non atra caeli nubila
Cives morantur annuis
Rite exsilire gaudiis.

Nox en propinquat: cerneres
Fervere turbis compita,
Late per umbram cerneres
Ardere colles ignibus;[1]

Urbisque ferri ad moenia
Incessu et ore supplici
Senes, viros, cum matribus
Longo puellas agmine.

Ut ventum, ubi ara Martyris
Corusca lychnis emicat,
Festiva turba civium
Irrumpit ardens, clamitat:

"O Pastor, e caelo, o Parens
CONSTANTI, adesto filiis:"
Pressis sepulcro et dulcia
Figit labellis oscula.

[1]) Mos antiquissimus Perusiae fuit, ut quotannis pridie natalis S. Constantii solemnis pompa ad pomerium vesperi duceretur, viris comitantibus ac dona ferentibus; quae "supplicatio luminum" idcirco appellata est, quod urbs tota facibus cereisque, suburbium ignibus ad laetitiam per noctem colluceret. Pulcra extant de ea supplicatione legum municipalium decreta.

Nor Winter, raging o'er the earth,
Nor heaven's cloudy coronal,
Delays the yearly festival
Or chills the holy mirth.

The twilight deepens into night;
Yet fills each street a thronging host:
And through the gloom the hills are crossed
With myriad-gleaming light.[1]

Behold, in prayerful guise arrayed,
March to the walls with reverent joy,
The gray-haired sage, the guileless boy,
The matron and the maid.

There on the holy Martyr's tomb
The gleaming lights a splendor shed;
While thousand chanting voices spread
A glory through the gloom:

"Thy children, Father, deign to hear:
Thy flock, O Shepherd, deign to bless!"
Anon a thousand lips caress
The ancient sepulchre.

[1]) Every year on the Eve of the Feast of St. Constantius, the Perugians, following an ancient custom, march in solemn procession outside the walls, bearing offerings. This is known as the "Feast of Lights," as the whole city is ablaze with torches and tapers, and the suburbs with joyous bonfires. Many beautiful municipal decrees deal with this festivity.

AN. MDCCCLXXIX

II

PANDITUR templum; facibus renidet
Ara CONSTANTI: celebrate nomen
Dulce Pastoris, memoresque fastos
Dicite cantu.

Impios ritus et inane fulmen
Risit indignans Iovis et Quirini;
Obtulit ferro iuvenile pectus,
Obtulit igni.

Aestuant thermae saliente flamma:
Densa plebs circum stat anhela: Praetor
Clamat: "i, lictor, calida rebellem
Merge sub unda."

Mergitur: plantas simul unda tinxit,
Frigidus ceu fons per amoena florum
Defluens, blando recreata mulcet
Membra lavacro.

Vulgus immoto stupet ore; Praetor
Frendet elusus; scelerum ministris
Mandat, obstrictum manicis recondant
Carceris antro.

II

(1879)

THE temple-gates at length unclose;
With myriad lights the altar glows:
O joyful greet your Martyr's name
With loud acclaim!

Against the pagan rites he strove,
And mocked the thunderbolts of Jove:
Fearless he viewed the torments dire
Of sword and fire.

The caldron feels the leaping flames:
Amidst the breathless crowd proclaims
The praetor: "Lo! the waters crave
The rebel slave!"

A marvel! 'Neath the Martyr's feet
The seething caldron seems as sweet
As a cool fount that sparkling leads
Through flowery meads.

Abashed, the crowds in wonder gaze;
And cries the praetor in amaze:
"Bind him, and let the noisome cell
His magic quell!"

Vincla nil terrent; Fidei Magister
Liber effaris; Vigilum docendo
Pectora emollis; stygiusque cedit
Mentibus error.

Saevior contra rabies tyranni
Flagrat; insontem lacerat flagellis,
Sauciat ferro, rigidaque plantas
Compede torquet.

Nec datum immani sat adhuc furori;
Hostiam diris agit, et Deorum
Numini spreto vovet immolandam
Caede cruenta.

Corpus in limo iacet interemptum:
At pius forti celebrandus auso,
Luce pallenti, vigilans ad umbram
Carceris, ima

Septa pervadit Levianus; artus
Colligit sparsos; caput ense truncum
Rite componens fovet, et beata
Condit in urna.

Grande portentum! sacra membra in urbem
Quattuor latis humeris reportant
Lucis expertes, subitoque visus
Munere gaudent.

But chains nor dungeon can control
The saving utterance of the soul:
His guards the Word of Truth receive,
Hear, and believe!

New storms of rage the tyrant urge:
The guiltless flesh is torn with scourge
And sword; while iron shackles greet
The guileless feet.

Nor these the praetor's wrath appease,
Who to his slighted deities
The Saint as victim offereth
In bloody death.

The corpse is cast into the mire:
At daybreak Levian draweth nigher
From out the friendly shadowing veil
That marks the gaol.

He comes to seek, with reverent tread,
The scattered limbs, the severed head:
At length the sacred urn contains
The blest remains.

Four sightless carriers are found
To bear it to Perugia's bound;
They touch the urn: O prodigy
Of grace—they see!

Redditur Pastor patriae, refulgens
Aureis vittis et honore palmae,
Septus aeterna superum corona
Redditur heros.

Dive, quem templis veneramur Umbris,
Umbriae fines placido revisens
Lumine, exoptata reduc opimae
Gaudia pacis.

Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam
Infula cinctum, socium et laborum,
Quem pius tutum per iter superna
Luce regebas,

Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per aequor
Ducere, et pugnae per acuta cernis
Spe bona certaque levare in altos
Lumina montes.

Possit o tandem, domitis procellis,
Visere optatis LEO victor oras;
Occupet tandem vaga cymba portum
Sospite cursu.

So comes the Shepherd back, in calm
Of laurel-wreath and martyr-palm:
Crowned with the glory of the skies
The Hero lies!

Revisit us, O Patron grand—
This flock of thine, this Umbrian land;
And bring with Thee a rich increase
Of heavenly peace!

A mitred pastor, once of old
I shared thy labors, watched thy fold:
Me didst thou kindly guide aright
With thy dear light:

Now Peter's bark through troubled seas
I guide, and 'gainst the storm-fraught breeze
With hope assured I lift mine eyes
Up to Thy skies:

O when the storms of life are o'er,
May Leo gain the peaceful shore,
And to his shallop frail be given
The port of Heaven!

S. FELICIANVS

FELICIANUS Fulginiâ oriundus, episcopus civibus suis a S. Victore Pont. Max. datus, Evangelii lumen per Umbros et Picenos magno labore propagavit. Christiani nominis caussâ, a L. Flavio, Assisii Praefecto, iniuriis et verberibus caesus; deinde a Decio Imperatore, cum, Persis Medisque devictis, per Umbriae fines iter faceret, carcere et vario cruciatuum genere torqueri extrema iam senectute iussus, ad caelestia martyr migravit. Eum Fulginates adlectum sibi Patronum caelestem colunt pietate maxima.

ST. FELICIAN

FELICIAN, appointed by Pope St. Victor to be bishop of Foligno, of which he was a native, zealously carried the light of the Gospel to the inhabitants of Umbria and Picenum. L. Flavius, Prefect of Assisi, ordered him to be beaten; and the Emperor Decius, victorious over the Persians and Medes, whilst traveling through Umbria, ordered him, although in extreme old age, to be cast into prison and to suffer various kinds of torture; until, a glorious martyr, he ascended to his heavenly fatherland. The Folignese have chosen him for their Patron and worship him with the greatest devotion.

AN. MDCCCXCII

AD SANCTVM FELICIANVM EPISCOPVM MARTYREM

HYMNVS

VIVAX in aevum gloria Martyrum
FELICIANI nomen in aethera
Attollat, aramque et sepulcrum
Usque novis decoret coronis.

O Fulginatum maxime Praesulum,
Patrem salutat laeta precantium
Te turba, patronumque avito
Gestit ovans celebrare cultu.

Haec namque sedes, hic tibi credita
Te plebs recepit. Sed pia caritas
Urget, nec in septis morantem
Te patrii tenuere fines.

Recti tenacem non labor arduus,
Non bella terrent aspera, dum Crucis
Inferre Picenis et Umbris
Pacificum properas tropaeum.

TO SAINT FELICIAN, BISHOP AND MARTYR

(1892)

FELICIAN! let a martyr's fame
Exalt forevermore thy name;
Thy sepulchre and altar strew
With garlands ever new!

Foligno's mighty Prelate! see
Thy thronging clients honor thee,
Father and Patron, as of yore
With love's unceasing store!

This was thy See; and here thy fold
A welcome gave, but could not hold
A Shepherd long, whose charity
Sought wider ministry.

No labors could thy spirit break,
Nor War's alarm thy fears awake;
Thus Umbria and Picenum see
The Cross's victory!

Per te refulget vivida mentibus
Lux alma veri; diruta numinum
Delubra: proculcat ruinas
Relligio sine clade victrix.

Ardens in iras Tartarus infremit,
Astuque versat multiplici dolos,
Si qua sacerdotis molestas
Forte queat tenuare vires.

At dira passus, praeside Flavio,
Felicianvs fortior evenit;
Non probra, non irae minaces
Intrepidi vim animi refringunt.

Quin ad supremae munera laureae
Festinat heros, quem senio gravem,
Longâ fatigatumque pugnâ
Dius Amor renovat iuventâ.

Through thee, the Truth in glory shines
On broken altars, falling shrines:
Thus Faith the crown of triumph wore,
A bloodless Conqueror.

Hell launches myriad angry darts
And proves a hundred subtle arts
The fruits of victory to steal
And quench thy tireless zeal.

Let Flavius work his tyrant will—
Thou only standest firmer still:
Nor taunts, nor threats, nor chains can bind
Thy free and fearless mind.

Yea, rather, to his laurel-wreath
The Hero hastens, while his breath,
Feeble with age and battling long,
The loving Lord makes strong.

Te christiani nominis impetit
Cruentus hostis; caesarea ferox
Lauro, triumphatisque Persis,
Vincere te Decius laborat.

Sed quid voluntas effera Caesaris,
Aut imminentis carnificis furor
Possint? Deus te nil paventem
Praesidio potiore firmat.

Devota Christo victima concidis;
Caeli coruscans regia panditur,
Festâque praecinctum coronâ
Excipiunt Superum cohortes.

Ceu Sidus istinc usque renideas
Umbris amicum gentibus aurea
Cum luce, caligantis aevi
Per dubios radiante cursus.

Victorious o'er the Persian host,
Yet hating Christ's dear Name the most,
Crowned with imperial dignity,
Decius would conquer THEE !

And yet, what power in Caesar's will,
Or in his hangman's threatening skill?
Unto his servant GOD shall yield
A still more potent shield.

CHRIST's victim fallest thou—behold,
The gates of Paradise unfold !
Midst heavenly armies thou art found
With festal garlands crowned !

Shine forth from out thy heaven afar,
O'er Umbria's fields, O friendly Star;
The blind earth gropes thro' devious ways—
Send forth thy golden rays !

IN SACRAM FAMILIAM
IESVM MARIAM IOSEPH

HYMNS IN HONOR OF THE HOLY FAMILY

AN. MDCCCXCII

IN SACRAM FAMILIAM IESVM MARIAM IOSEPH

HYMNI

I

O LUX beata caelitum
Et summa spes mortalium,
Iesu, o cui domestica
Arrisit orto caritas:

Maria, dives gratia,
O sola quae casto potes
Fovere Iesum pectore,
Cum lacte donans oscula:

Tuque ex vetustis patribus,
Delecte custos Virginis,
Dulci patris quem nomine
Divina Proles invocat:

De stirpe Iesse nobili
Nati in salutem gentium,
Audite nos qui supplices
Vestras ad aras sistimus.

THE HOLY FAMILY

(1892)

VESPER HYMN

JESUS, the Light of realms above,
Sole Hope to mortals given,
Whose Childhood crowned domestic love
With glories caught from heaven :

Ave Maria, full of grace,
Above archangels blest
To hold thy Son in sweet embrace
And feed Him from thy breast :

Joseph, of patriarchs alone
The Virgin's chosen guide,
Whose heart the joy supreme hath known
When Jesus "Father" cried :—

Springing from Jesse's noble root
To share a Work divine,
Prosper your clients' lowly suit
Uttered before your shrine.

Dum sol redux ad vesperum
Rebus nitorem detrahit,
Nos hic manentes intimo
Ex corde vota fundimus.

Qua vestra sedes floruit
Virtutis omnis gratia,
Hanc detur in domesticis
Referre posse moribus.

Now seeks the sun his western bed,
And fades the splendorous day:
Behold, we bow a reverent head
And heartfelt homage pay.

What grace and power of love made sweet
The House of Nazareth—
Such may our hearts and homes repeat
In birth, and life, and death!

II

SACRA iam splendent decorata lychnis
Templa, iam sertis redimitur ara,
Et pio fumant redolentque acerrae
Thuris honore.

Num iuvet summo Geniti Parente
Regios ortus celebrare cantu?
Num domus David decora et vetustae
Nomina gentis?

Gratius nobis memorare parvum
Nazarae tectum tenuemque cultum;
Gratius Iesu tacitam referre
Carmine vitam.

Nili ab extremis peregrinus oris,
Angeli ductu, propere remigrat
Multa perpessus Puer, et paterno
Limine sospes,

Arte, qua Ioseph, humili excolendus
Abdito Iesus iuvenescit aevo,
Seque fabrilis socium laboris
Adiicit ultro.

MATIN HYMN

A THOUSAND lights their glory shed
On shrines and altars garlanded;
While swinging censers dusk the air
With perfumed prayer.

And shall we sing the ancestry
Of Jesus, Son of God most High?
Or the heroic names retrace
Of David's race?

Sweeter is lowly Nazareth,
Where Jesus drew His childish breath—
Sweeter the singing that endears
His hidden years!

An Angel leads the pilgrim band
From Egypt to their native land,
Where Jesus clings to Joseph's arm,
Secure from harm.

"And the Child grew in wisdom's ken
And years and grace with God and men;"[1]
And in His father's humble art
Took share and part.

[1]) Luc. ii., 52.

"Irriget sudor mea membra, dixit,
"Antequam sparso madeant cruore:
"Haec quoque humano generi expiando
"Poena luatur."

Assidet Nato pia Mater almo,
Assidet Sponso bona nupta; felix
Si potest curas relevare fessis
Munere amico.

O, neque expertes operae et laboris,
Nec mali ignari, miseros iuvate,
Quos reluctantes per acuta rerum
Urget egestas:

Demite his fastus, quibus ampla splendet
Faustitas, mentem date rebus aequam:
Quotquot implorant columen, benigno
Cernite vultu.

"With toil," saith He, "my limbs are wet,
Prefiguring the Bloody Sweat:"
Ah! how He bears our chastisement
With sweet content!

At Joseph's bench, at Jesus' side,
The Mother sits, the Virgin-bride;
Happy, if she may cheer their hearts
With loving arts.

O Blessed Three! who felt the sting
Of want and toil and suffering,
Pity the needy and obscure
Lot of the poor:

Banish the "pride of life" from all
Whom ampler wealth and joys befall:
Be every heart with love repaid
That seeks your aid!

III

O GENTE felix hospita,
Augusta sedes Nazarae,
Quae fovit alma Ecclesiae
Et protulit primordia.

Sol qui pererrat aureo
Terras iacentes lumine,
Nil gratius per saecula
Hac vidit aede aut sanctius.

Ad hanc frequentes convolant
Caelestis aulae nuntii,
Virtutis hoc sacrarium
Visunt, revisunt, excolunt.

Qua mente Iesus, qua manu
Optata patris perficit!
Quo Virgo gestit gaudio
Materna obire munera!

Adest amoris particeps
Curaeque Ioseph coniugi,
Quos mille iungit nexibus
Virtutis auctor gratia.

HYMN AT LAUDS

O HOUSE of Nazareth the blest,
Fair hostess of the Lord,
The Church was nurtured at thy breast
And shared thy scanty hoard.

In all the spreading lands of earth
The wandering sun may see
No dearer spot, no ampler worth
Than erst was found in thee!

We know thy humble tenement
Was heaven's hermitage:
Celestial heralds came and went
In endless embassage.

There, whatsoever Joseph asks
Christ hastens to fulfill;
While Mary loves the household tasks
That wait her joyous will.

There, Joseph toileth at her side
Her joys and griefs to share,
With thousand ties knit to his bride,
Of love and work and prayer.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Hi diligentes invicem
In Iesu amorem confluunt.
Utrique Iesus mutuae
Dat caritatis praemia.

Sic fiat, ut nos caritas
Iungat perenni foedere,
Pacemque alens domesticam
Amara vitae temperet !

Yet how their bosoms constant burn
  And deeper ardors prove
In love of Christ, whose eyes return
  Tokens of mutual love!

O then, in all the homes of earth,
  Be Love the bond of life:
May it enthrone at every hearth
  The peace that husheth strife!

AN. MDCCCLXXXIII

AD FLORVM

FLORE puer, vesana diu te febris adurit:
Inficit immundo mollia membra situ

Dira lues; cupidis stygio respersa veneno,
Nec pudor est, labiis pocula plena bibis.

Pocula sunt Circes: apparent ora ferarum;
Vel canis immundus, sus vel amica luto.

Si sapis, o tandem miser expergiscere, tandem,
Ulla tuae si te cura salutis habet,

Heu fuge Sirenum cantus, fuge litus avarum,
Et te *Carthusî*, Flore, reconde sinu.

Certa erit inde salus; *Carthusî* e fontibus hausta [2]
Continuo sordes proluet unda tuas.

[1]) Admissus nuper est ad Pontificem maximum Leonem XIII quidam nobili genere adolescens, decimum sextum aetatis annum vix supergressus idemque macilento ore et extenuatis viribus. Quod cum ipse licentiora vitae intemperantia factum non dissimularet, et dolenter ferre videretur admonitus est, prospiceret saluti suae opportuneque in asceterium ali, quandiu secederet, eluendis animi sordibus unice vacaturus. Id quo facilius assequeretur, suasit adolescenti Pontifex ut, qua maxima posset attentione, perlegeret aureum illum de quatuor *Hominis Novissimis* librum, scilicet auctore Dionysio Carthusiano, qui copia et sanctitate doctrinae *divini* nomen invenit. Eam Pontifex rem his versibus complexus est.

[2]) Ex consideratione scilicet rerum, quae sunt homini novissimae.

TO FLORUS[1]

(1883)

LONG hath a sickly fever-flame
Consumed thee, Florus; and thy shame
Speaks from thy wasted frame.

Ah me! the chalice at thy lips,
Whereof thy eager passion sips,
With Stygian poison drips.

'Tis Circe's cup! the sorceress queen
Transforms her guests to dogs unclean
And swinish herd obscene.

O then, if thou wouldst yet be wise,
And gain thy heavenly Paradise,
From the foul banquet rise!

Fly siren-song and hungry shore
That wait to wreck thy bark; implore
Help from Carthusian lore:[2]

Drink deeply of that fount divine;
The filthy lees of Circe's wine
Wash from that soul of thine!

[1]) A young nobleman, scarcely past his sixteenth year, but thin and emaciated, gained audience, recently, of the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII. He did not conceal, but rather sorrowfully admitted the fact, that his physical condition was due to his licentious manner of life; and he was accordingly warned to consult for his salvation by entering a House of Retreat, where he should spend some time in the task of purifying his soul. To succeed the better, the Pontiff counselled him to read with the greatest attention that golden book on the Four Last Things, written by Denis the Carthusian, who, because of his wide learning and holiness, was surnamed the *Divine*. The poem deals with this incident.

[2]) Namely, by a consideration of the Last End of Man.

AN. MDCCCLXXXV

AD EVMDEM

NE SE VOLVPTATVM ILLECEBRIS CAPI PATIATVR

PHANTASIA, illecebris effingens lubrica menti,
Vere est tartarei, qui latet, anguis opus.

Exitiale opus hoc; astusque, artesque dolosas
Excutere assiduus sit tibi, Flore, labor.

Eia age: certantem te lumine spectat amico,
Certantem auxilio roborat ipse Deus.

Iamque fugit, rabidusque et pugna elusus inani
Mersat se stygia luridus anguis aqua.

TO THE SAME

(1885)

THE flowery meads through which you pass
In fancy, are but Hell's morass—
A Serpent hideth in the grass!

This deadly field hath Satan sown:
Do thou his crafty arts disown,
And hate the pleasures thou hast known.

Courage and earnest work be thine;
The Lord looks on with eye benign,
And nerves thy will with strength divine.

Already, see, by Grace o'erborne,
The baffled Serpent flies the morn,
And hides in Stygian caves forlorn!

AN. MDCCCLXXXIII [1]

IUSTITIAM colui; certamina longa, labores,
Ludibria, insidias, aspera quaeque tuli;

At fidei vindex non flectar; pro grege Christi
Dulce pati, ipsoque in carcere dulce mori.

[1]) Inscripsit sub imagine sua, cum S. Gregorii VII. dicta meminisset: *Dilexi iustitiam et odivi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio.*

(1883) [1]

I HAVE loved justice, therefore have I borne
Conflict and labor, plot and biting scorn.

Guardian of Faith, for Christ's dear flock would I
Suffer with gladness, and in prison die!

[1]) Lines written under his own portrait, as he recalled the saying of St. Gregory VII.: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."

AN. MDCCCLXXXV

FRVSTRATA IMPIORVM SPE

PONTIFICVM ROMANORVM SERIES NON INTERMITTITVR

OCCIDIT inclamant, solio deiectus, in ipso
Carcere, in aerumnis occidit ecce Leo.

Spes insana: Leo alter adest, qui sacra volentes
Iura dat in populos, imperiumque tenet.

(*Versione libera*)

S'ODE un grido : nel carcer dal soglio,
Nelle ambasce si spense Leon.

Grido insano : già impera dal soglio
Prence e Padre un novello Leon.

AN. MDCCCLXXXV

FRUSTRATA IMPIORUM SPE

PONTIFICVM ROMANORVM SERIES NON INTERMITTITVR

OCCIDIT, inclamant, solio deiectus, in ipso
Carcere, in aerumnis occidit ecce Leo.

Spes insana: Leo alter adest, qui sacra volentes
Iura dat in populos, imperiumque tenet.

"EVEN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE WORLD"

(1885)

"LEO is fallen!"—List the clamorous cry:
"Broken with cares, in prison shall he die!"

Vain is the hope: another Leo wields
The sceptre, and his flock from error shields!

AN. MDCCCLXXXV

ECCLESIAE

AVSPICATVS TRIVMPHVS

ET IN COMMVNE BONVM RESTITVTA PAX

AUGUROR: ecce, viden', crebris micat ignibus aether;
Nimboso apparent signa corusca polo.

Continuo effugiunt, subitoque exterrita visu
Tartareos repetunt horrida monstra lacus.

Gens inimica Deo portentum invita fateri,
Fletuque admissum visa piare scelus.

Tunc veteres cecidere irae, tunc pugna quievit;
Iamque fera emollit pectora dulcis amor;

Quin et prisca redire audet neglectaque virtus,
Intemerata fides, et sine fraude pudor.

Mox olea praecincta comas Pax educat artes;
Uberi et alma sinu Copia fundit opes.

Illustrat vetus illa Italas Sapientia mentes:
Longius errorum pulsa proterva cohors.

O laeta Ausoniae tellus! o clara triumpho!
Et cultu et patria relligione potens.

AN AUGURY OF TRIUMPH

MINE eye prophetic scans the darkling heaven
With dawn's bright arrows riven:

Forthwith the horrid crew of hellish error
Flies to the Stygian pool in terror!

God's enemies, compelled to view the vision,
Confess with tears their long misprision.

The centuried hates, the olden strifes are ended:
Victorious Love hath all amended!

Now exiled Virtue seeks again her dwelling,
Of stainless faith and candor telling;

Peace, olive-wreathed, bids art and science flourish,
And Plenty's horn is here to nourish:

In vain shall Hell its myriad errors muster—
Here Wisdom shines with olden lustre.

O blessed Italy! O wondrous glory!
O Faith enshrined in art and story!

AN. MDCCCLXXXVI

SANCTVS IOANNES BAPTISTA

PRAECVRSOR

I

DESERTAS Iudaeae oras Baptista pererrans,
Tegmen cui corium, mella, locusta cibus,

O vos, errorum mersae caligine caeca,
Audite, o gentes, verba salutis, ait.

Instat summa dies; venturam Iudicis iram
Effugite: o tandem poeniteat scelerum;

Delete haec gemitu et lacrimis, Numenque piate:
Sic tutum ad caeli regna paratur iter.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE PRECURSOR

(1886)

I

IN the Judean solitude,
Clad in the skins of beasts he stood—
Locusts and honey wild, his food.

He crieth in the wilderness:
O ye whom clouds of error press,
Hear me, and all your sins confess!

The awful Day of God is nigh;
From His tremendous judgments fly;
With sorrowing tears beseech the sky:

Wash out your sins with sigh and groan,
And for your wicked past atone—
The way to Heaven is this alone!

II

NON aliena licet, rex impie, frangere iura;
Non licet uxorem fratris habere tuam.

Hac olim impavidus clamabat voce IOANNES:
Vox eadem e vultu reddita clamat adhuc.

Utrumque epigramma Pontifex insculpi iussit in theca magna elegantioris operis, quam novissime ad custodiendum sanctissimi Praecursoris Caput refecit, et in privato sacrario suo collocavit.

II

"SACRED are others' rights, O impious King:
Unlawful 't is to have your brother's wife!"

The voice that erst so fearlessly did ring
Still speaks from out this casket as in life!

The Pontiff had these epigrams engraved on a large reliquary of elegant workmanship, which had been recently repaired for the purpose of enclosing the Head of the most holy Precursor, and which the Pontiff placed in his private treasury of sacred articles.

AN. MDCCCLXXXVII

IN IESVM CHRISTVM

A SANCTO IOANNE PRAECVRSORE

BAPTIZATVM [1]

MONTANA Galilaeae olim regione relictâ,
Arida Iordanis qua vagus arva rigat,

Baptista advenit, divino numine ductus,
Lustrali gentes spargere iussus aqua.

Certatim ad flumen properat plebs agmine denso ;
Tingitur; affuso sanctior imbre redit.

Ecce autem e turba (cupide mirantur euntem
Obtutu tacito) magna Dei Soboles,

Progreditur IESVS, maiestatisque verendae
Demisso celat vultu habituque iubar.

Insons sanctusque adspergi fluvialibus undis
Suppliciter, sontis more modoque, petit.

[1]) Tunc exibat ad eum Ierosolyma, et omnis Iudaea, et omnis regio circa Iordanem; et baptizabantur ab eo in Iordane . . . Tunc venit Iesus a Galilaea in Iordanem ad Ioannem, ut baptizaretur ab eo. Ioannes autem prohibebat eum, dicens: Ego a te debeo baptizari, et tu venis ad me? . . . Baptizatus autem Iesus, confestim ascendit de aqua; et ecce aperti sunt ei caeli: et vidit Spiritum Dei descendentem sicut columbam, et venientem super se. Et ecce vox de caelis dicens: Hic est filius meus dilectus, in quo mihi complacui. (MATTH. III.)

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST[1]

(1887)

FORTH of the hilly Galilean land,
Unto the Jordan's mystic strand,

The Baptist came, led by the hand of God,
To wash the nations in its flood.

Hither the pressing multitudes have hied
To be baptized and sanctified.

And here they see Him press the sacred sod—
JESUS, the mighty SON of GOD,

Hiding, with downcast eye and modest grace,
The lightning splendors of His Face.

The lustral Sign for guilty sinners meant
HE humbly craves—the Innocent.

[1]) Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the country about Jordan; and were baptized by him in the Jordan . . . Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan, unto John, to be baptized by him. But John stayed him, saying: I ought to be baptized by thee, and comest thou to me? . . . And Jesus being baptized, forthwith came out of the water; and lo! the heavens were opened to him: and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him. And behold a voice from heaven saying: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. (MATT. III).

Persensit numen Baptista; et, *non ego te*, inquit,
Me me, adsum, tu me tinge, Magister, aqua.

Paruit imperio tamen et mandata facessit:
Divinumque fluens imbuit unda caput.

Panditur interea radianti lumine caelum,
Ipsaque Iordanis ripa corusca micat.

Continuo nive candidior descendere ab alto
Praepetibus pennis visa Columba polo.

En Deus, ipse Deus, fulgente per aera tractu,
Alitis in forma conspiciendus erat.

Leniter adlabens Christum super adstitit; auras
Tum vox insonuit fusa per aetherias:

Filius hic meus est; audite, audite docentem,
Quem genui, aeternus quem mihi iungit amor.

Audiit, et sese tibi, IESV, maximus orbis
Subdidit Eoo e litore ad occiduum;

Teque in vota vocat, tibi iussos reddit honores,
Tu lux vera homini, tu via, vita, salus.

But John perceives the GODHEAD: *I should be*
Baptized by Thee, not Thou by me!

Yet he obeys, yielding to God's design,
And bathes the awful Brow divine.

And lo! the heavens are rent, and glory bright
Floods the baptismal sward with light:

And from the shining vault descends a Dove,
And rests the sacred Head above.

'T was GOD, 't was very GOD descended then,
Dove-like unto the eyes of men:

And as It softly rested on His head,
Came from the sky a Voice that said:

I am well pleased with my beloved Son:
Him shall ye hear!—O Holy One,

JESUS, thou Son of GOD, the world hath heard
And bowed submissive to that Word;

And to thy Name doth holiest homage pay,
Who art the Truth, the Life, the Way.

AN. MDCCCLXXXVII

IN ILLUD PSALMI XIII.

Contritio et infelicitas in viis eorum, et viam pacis non cognoverunt.

PROLABI in vetitum, turpi sordescere culpa
Si quem contingat, poena repente comes

Peccantem sequitur; pavor occupat, anxia tristem
Mordet cura animum, sollicitumque tenet.

Excruciat scelus admissum, ingeminatque dolorem
Impendens capiti vindicis ira Dei.

ON THE WORDS OF PSALM XIII.:

Destruction and unhappiness are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known.

(1887)

WHOSO pursues an evil course,
Hath made a comrade of Remorse:

His soul at once is made aware
Of anxious fear and gnawing care;

For Sin is Sorrow! and the Lord
Holds o'er his head the avenging sword!

IN ILLUD ECCL. XXXIV. 16:

Qui timet Dominum, nihil trepidabit, et non pavebit: quoniam ipse est spes eius.

AT iusto tranquilla quies: ceu lenis aquae fons
Decurrens molli in gramine, vita fluit

Nescia curarum. Tacitus mortalia spectat,
Et vitae in partem librat utramque vices.

Vis inimica premat; vultus fortuna superbos
Terrore, insidiis mutet ad arbitrium:

Fortem non tangunt animum, contemnere suetum
Et terere invicto cuncta caduca pede.

Quem paveat? virtus non expugnabile scutum,
Rebusque in trepidis praesidium ipse Deus.

ON ECCL. XXXIV. 16:

He that feareth the Lord shall tremble at nothing, and shall not be afraid: for he is his hope.

BUT to the just is peace: no strife
Disturbs the gentle stream of life.

Fearless he looks on Death, nor broods
Anxious o'er life's vicissitudes.

Though buffeted by storm and stress
Of Fortune's wanton changefulness,

Fate can not touch the soul sublime
Taught to despise the things of Time.

Whom should he fear? he can not yield,
With God Himself for sword and shield!

LEO XIII P. M. vel ex eo tempore, quo Episcopatum Perusinum Cardinalis gerebat, Carpinetensibus suis aquae penuria laborantibus cum succurrere impensâ suâ constituisset, rivum uberem ex monte proximo adducendum curavit. Qui tamen, propter agri naturam dilabentibus scatebris, coepit sensim decrescere ita ut iam prope intermissus videretur. Opus iteratâ providentiâ aggressus est, feliciusque absolvit anno MDCCCLXXXVIII, aqua ab alio capite derivata, ac salientibus binis commoditati civium excitatis, ipsis Kalendis Ianuariis, quo die ob memoriam sacerdotii Eius, ante annos quinquaginta suscepti, solemnia agebantur.

IT was a favorite project of the Pope, when he was Bishop of Perugia, to relieve at his own expense the scarcity of water from which the citizens of Carpineto suffered, and he accordingly had an abundant supply led down from the nearest mountain. On account of the nature of the soil, however, the springs began to fail and the supply gradually lessened until it seemed to have entirely ceased. He therefore sought another source, and the work was successfully completed on January 1st, 1888—the day on which he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his first Mass.

In platea maiore prope Templum princeps.

LEO. XIII. P. M.

AQVAM . SALVBERRIMI . HAVSTVS
E . MONTIBVS . LEPINIS
PERDVCENDAM . CVRAVIT
AN . SAC . PRINC . X .

FONS ego decurrens, nitidis argenteus undis,
Quem cupide irriguum florea prata bibant.

At non prata bibent, cives, me florea; vestras
Gratius est largo spargere rore domos.

SONG OF THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I

In the great Square of the Cathedral.

I AM a silvery fountain, at whose brink
The flowery meadows love to drink.

And yet they shall not! It belongs to you,
Ye cits,—my widely-scattering dew!

II

In parte Oppidi superiore prope avitas Pecciorum aedes.

DIFFICILEM cursum, longosque emensa viarum
Tractus, Carpineis huc feror unda iugis.

Namque LEO, Petri regali in Sede Sacerdos,
Christiadum toto, qua patet, orbe parens,

Tempore quo dubii commoto murmure belli[1],
Suspensa haererent pectora pulsa metu,

Incolumis post lustra decem cum scanderet aras,
Pacis sollicita cum prece dona petens,

Cumque soli, primum dulces ubi luminis auras
Ille hausit, vivax corda teneret amor,

[1]) Sub exitum an. MDCCCLXXXVIII non defuere belli per Europam suspiciones.

II

In Upper Perugia, near the Ancient Mansion of the Peccis.

AFTER a journey long and drear,
Ye Carpinetans, I am here,
A fount unfailing, cool and clear.

For LEO, who on Peter's throne
As Shepherd of his flock is known
And loved in every Christian zone—

What time to fair Italia's shore
The trembling wings of Rumor bore[1]
Rumblings of European war—

Praying with deep solicitude
For peace, before the altar stood
The Priest whom lustres ten had viewed:

His heart had never yet outworn
Love for the spot where he was born,
And balmy airs of life's young morn:

[1] Towards the close of the year 1888, Europe was disturbed by fears of a war.

Me monte ex imo excussam, me calle recluso
Ad vos, o cives, carpere iussit iter.

Iamque huc per caecos plumbo ducente meatus
Advectam, nitido me capit urna sinu.

Candida, splendidior vitro, blandoque susurro
Alta e rupe scatens leniter unda fluo.

Expectata diu, atque hospes gratissima veni,
En veni, vestra ad commoda, dives opum.

Munditiae, charisin, vitae usibus, apta saluti,
Omine felici munera plena fero.

Huc ergo properate: libens benefacta Leonis
Usque egomet, rivo dulce strepente, loquar.

'Twas then, ye Carpinetan folk,
He bade me come to you, and broke
Gently my immemorial yoke,

And taught my dancing feet to spurn
The heedless hill-top, and sojourn
For your sake, in this chiseled urn:

Clearer than crystal to the view,
From the high rocks I scatter dew,
And sing the livelong day for you!

Ye suffered long in fruitless quest
Until I came—a welcome guest—
With amplest largess in my breast.

And who shall all my uses tell?
Here in your very midst I dwell,
For poor and rich, for sick and well.

Come, then, ye cits, and freely take,
While I perpetual music make
Of thanks to LEO for your sake!

AD BEATAM VIRGINEM MARIAM

PRECATIONES

(*Cum paraphrasi italica.*)

I

ARDET pugna ferox; Lucifer ipse, viden',
Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte vomit.
Ocius, alma Parens, ocius affer opem.
Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum.
Contere virgineo monstra inimica pede.
Te duce, Virgo, libens aspera bella geram:
Diffugient hostes; te duce, victor ero.

I

(*Versione libera*)

MOSSA d' averno, arde feroce pugna;
Satana, ve', terribilmente adugna

Le incaute prede, e le tartaree squadre
Volge a sua posta. Mi soccorri, o Madre,

Nel fier cimento; il trepidante core
Francheggia e infiamma di celeste ardore.

Se nell' aspra tenzon tua man mi guida,
Vano è il furor della masnada infida.

Tu de' rei mostri la superba testa
Col virgineo tuo piè premi e calpesta.

Teco sarò; ma sol la tua virtude
Fia che Satan ricacci alla palude.

E sarà tua mercè, sarà tua gloria
Sull' oste doma la final vittoria.

AD BEATAM VIRGINEM MARIAM

PRECATIONES

I

ARDET pugna ferox; Lucifer ipse, viden',
Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte vomit.
Ocius, alma Parens, ocius affer opem.
Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum.
Contere virgineo monstra inimica pede.
Te duce, Virgo, libens aspera bella geram:
Diffugient hostes; te duce, victor ero.

A SIGH

OF THE TRUSTFUL SOUL

FURIOUS rages the fray:
Lucifer, watching intent
For the uncertain event,
Marshals his hellish array.

Help me, O Mother, this day;
List to thy client's lament:
Lo! I am weak and o'erspent,
Moulded of spirit and clay.

Under thy virginal heel
Crushing the serpent of old,
Ah! to thy servant reveal
Power the prophets foretold:
Then shall my spirit, tho' weak,
Only of victory speak!

II

AURI dulce melos, dicere, MATER AVE:
Dicere dulce melos, o PIA MATER, AVE.
Tu mihi deliciae, spes bona, castus amor,
Rebus in adversis tu mihi praesidium.
Si mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus,
Tristitiae et luctus anxia sentit onus:
Si natum aerumnis videris usque premi,
Materno refove, Virgo, benigna sinu.
At celeri heu properat iam pede summa dies.
Detruso stygii daemone ad ima lacus,
Adsis, o MATER; languiduloque seni
Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege,
Et fugientem animam tu bona redde Deo.

II

(*Versione libera*)

QUANTO all' orecchio mio suona soave
A te, Madre Maria, ripeter AVE.

Ripeter AVE e dirti, o MADRE PIA,
È a me dolce, ineffabile armonia.

Delizia, casto amor, buona speranza,
Tale tu se', ch'ogni desire avanza.

Quando spirto m' assal maligno e immondo,
Quando d' ambascie più m' opprime il pondo,

E l' affanno del cor si fa più crudo,
Tu mio conforto, mia difesa e scudo.

Se a me tuo figlio apri il materno seno,
Fugge ogni nube, il ciel si fa sereno.

Ma già morte s' appressa: deh! in quell' ora,
Madre, m' aita: lene lene allora

Quando l' ultimo dì ne disfaville,
Colle man chiudi le stanche pupille;

E conquiso il demon che intorno rugge
Cupidamente, all' anima che fugge

Tu pietosa, o Maria, l' ala distendi,
Ratto la leva al cielo, a Dio la rendi.

II

AURI dulce melos, dicere, MATER AVE:
Dicere dulce melos, o PIA MATER, AVE.
Tu mihi deliciae, spes bona, castus amor,
Rebus in adversis tu mihi praesidium.
Si mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus,
Tristitiae et luctus anxia sentit onus:
Si natum aerumnis videris usque premi,
Materno refove, Virgo, benigna, sinu.
At celeri heu properat iam pede summa dies.
Detruso stygii daemone ad ima lacus,
Adsis, o MATER; languiduloque seni
Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege,
Et fugientem animam tu bona redde Deo.

SUPPLICATION OF THE LOVING SOUL

HAIL, MOTHER! the enchanted ear
"*Hail, dearest Mother!*" loves to hear.
My love, my hope, my heart's delight,
In storm-rent seas my beacon-light:
When sinful pleasures woo my heart,
And thousand fears within me start,
Thy child with poignant cares opprest
Take, Virgin Mother, to thy breast.
When hastes my dying hour, repel
The demon to his deepest hell:
Be thou with me in heavenly guise,
Close gently my age-wearied eyes,
And lead my soul to Paradise.

AN. MDCCCXCV

PRAESIDIVM DIVINAE MATRIS

ACCEPTISSIMA ROSARI PRECE EXORANDVM

Paraphrases

I

HAC prece, magna Parens, flore hoc bene olente rosarum
Te populi unanimes in sua vota vocant.

At tu laeta libens vota audis, provida comples:
Divinasque manu divite fundis opes.

II

Sistimus ante aras: placido nos respice vultu,
Accepta et nostri pignora amoris habe.

Gemmâ auroque alii cumulent altaria: florum
Haec tenui in calatho nos tibi serta damus.

Sunt humiles violae, tibi sunt gratissima, Virgo,
Candida purpureis lilia mixta rosis.

III

Dum roseas manibus tractamus rite corollas,
Quam dulce est nomen, Virgo, iterare tuum!

OUR LADY'S ROSARY

A PRAYER FOR HELP

Interpretations[1]

(1895)

I

WITH one accord, O Mother fair,
Thy children offer as a prayer
The scented bloom of roses rare.

The prayer is heard and answered; we
Receive from thy dear hand the free
Mercies thy Lord commits to thee!

II

We kneel before thy shrines to prove
A Mother's care: from Heaven above
Accept the pledges of our love.

No gems we bring to thee, nor gold;
Our little baskets only hold
The wreathèd flowers of field and wold:

The lowly violet's penury,
The snowy lily's chastity,
The purple rose's agony!

III

And while our loving hands would frame
A worthy chaplet, we proclaim
Again and yet again thy Name.

[1]) Of the word *Rosary*—that "most acceptable prayer for the protection of the Mother of God."

Praesens o faveas: tu dux fidissima vitae,
Tu certa extremo sis in agone salus.

IV

Quam bene Gusmanus, tua sollers iussa facessens,
Texere nos docuit serta revincta rosis.

Gratum opus in terris sanctumque; at gratius olim,
Si superum sedes scandere contigerit,

Serta tibi laudum nova texere; gratius ore
Laetari aeternum, Virgo beata, tuo.

V

Sumite quae vobis tradit pia serta rosarum,
Assiduaque manu nectite; Virgo iubet.

Mandata exequimur; sed qua mercede? rogamus
Filioli, o Matri fidite munificae!

Fidite; namque suis caelo Ipsa insignia servat
Praemia; pro roseis aurea serta dabit.

Be thou our favoring Patron here;
Be thou our Guide in deserts drear;
Be thou our Help when death is near!

IV

How well thy client Gusman wrought
Thy will in every deed and thought—
The weaving of thy Rosary taught!

On earth, a grateful task and sweet!
But oh, more grateful, should our feet
But gain at last the heavenly seat!

Then sweeter far 't will be to raise
To thee a wreathèd song of praise,
O Virgin blest, through endless days.

V

Take to your hearts the roses rare
Your Mother giveth to your care,
And joyous weave the chaplet fair.

Lo! we obey the high command:
What then shall be the guerdon grand?
O trust the issue to her hand!

Yes, trust in her who shall unfold
In Heaven her great reward—behold,
For wreathing roses, crowns of gold!

AN. MDCCCXCV

ADIUTRICI CHRISTIANORUM

ELEGIA

AT nunc, Virgo potens, victrices te auspice palmas
Maiori plectro concinuisse iuvat.

Per te namque almae victoria nuncia pacis
Plus semel ad veteres risit amica patres.

Gallia, tu testis: metuendas arte maligna
Vis inferna tibi struxerat insidias.

Tuque, olim virtute, fide splendescere visa,
Heu priscum misere iam decus exueras!

Immunda late errorum vitiique scatebas
Illuvie, gentes depopulante tuas.

Adfuit at Virgo: meritis, pietate verendum
Finibus hispanis advocat ipsa Virum;

Cui roseas blando cum traderet ore coronas
Haec, ait, haec Gallis arma salutis erunt.

Hisce armis pugnae occurrit Gusmanius heros,
Hac arte enisus clara tropaea tulit.

TO THE "HELPER OF CHRISTIANS"

(1895)

BUT now the lyre, O mighty Virgin, sings
Thy victories, with deeper-sounding strings.

How oft thy power proclaimed a glad surcease
Of War, with white-winged messengers of Peace!

Be thou the witness, France!—When hellish snares
Beset thy path of glory unawares;

When thou, for faith and virtue once renowned,
Didst cast thy ancient splendors to the ground;

When vice and error ruled thy fairest sod,
And slew with filthy breath the sons of God:

Ah! then the Virgin brake thy hideous chain,
Calling her champion from chivalric Spain,

With but the Rosary for sword and shield:
"To this alone," she cried, "the foe must yield!"

Such was his weapon—Gusman thus begins
Heroic battle, and the trophy wins;

Occubuere hostes; rursumque effulsit avita
Pulcrior in Gallis candidiorque fides.

Testor et Ioniis quas cernis *Echinadas* undis:
Vivida adhuc facti fama per ora volat.

Stant ex adverso instructae longo ordine puppes,
In saeva ardescunt praelia iam ruere.

Utraque fert acies signum; haec caeleste MARIAE,
Lunae triste minax illa bicornis habet:

Ut raucae sonuere tubae, concurritur; ingens
Continuo ad caeli tollitur astra fragor.

Aera tonant, reboat litus, micat ignibus aequor;
Impavidi hac illac dant fera iussa duces.

Confracto latere et remis non una dehiscit
Navis, et immensi gurgitis ima petit.

Iactata horrisono merguntur corpora ponto,
Humano spumans unda cruore rubet.

Anceps stat fortuna: pari virtute peracta,
Hinc inde eventu pugna iterata pari.

Iamque iterum tentanda acies, cum percita fato
Nescio quo classis Turcica, sollicito

Pulsa repente metu, refugit producere pugnam,
Et quamvis multo milite praevalida,

Thus, David-like, his tens of thousands slew,
That France might once again her faith renew.

A witness, next, from the Ionian seas—
The far-famed battle of the *Echinades.*

The warring vessels, ranged in battle line,
Fling to the breezes, each a various sign:

Here is the banner of the Virgin fair,
And here the Crescent flaunts the fearful air:

The trump resounds—the breathless hush is riven,
And ceaseless clamor rends the vault of heaven;

Flash the red lightnings, and the thunders roar
In thousand echoings from the affrighted shore.

With shattered oars and timbers gaping wide,
Sinks many a vessel in the expectant tide;

While mangled corpses find a watery grave,
And streaming life-blood reddens every wave.

Doubtful the issue stands: with equal art
Foe strives with foe—uncertain still they part:

And yet again the crash and roar—when lo!
(Who shall divine the cause?) the Turkish foe

Whose mightier power but spoke of victory,
Struck with a sudden terror, turn and flee,

Cedere visa loco, et sese, mirabile dictu !
Ultro Christiadum dedere in arbitrium.

Ingeminat tunc victor io, nomenque MARIAE
Conclamat resonis undique litoribus:

Conclamant populi portentum, Virginis almae
Patratum dia bellipotentis ope;

Romulidae imprimis, queis mirum ex hoste triumphum
Fatidico edixit praescius ore PIVS.

Inde quies et pax Europae adserta ruenti,
Inde stetit patriae Relligionis honos.

Seraque posteritas (quid adhuc ignava moratur?)
Eia eventu dignum aggrediatur opus.

Sublime attollat pario de marmore templum
Ad litus, memori gesta ubi pugna loco.[1]

Hic Virgo templum teneat Regina, tumenti
Hic praecincta rosis imperet ipsa mari.

[1]) Christianorum pietas templum Virgini *a Rosario* condere et dedicare parat in litore patrensi.

And to the Christians (wondrous to relate!)
Inglorious yield the strenuous combat's fate.

"All hail!" the victors cry, "to Mary's Name!"
And echoing shores prolong the grand acclaim.

While in the triumph Christian Europe sees
One of the mighty Virgin's Prodigies,

More blest the Roman eyes that could behold
A miracle, as Pius had foretold.

Thenceforward peace to troubled Europe came,
And Christian worship gained a noble fame.

Let coming ages (why do they delay?)
With just memorial celebrate the day;

In snowy marble raise a temple grand
To signalize the memorable strand,[1]

And the rose-crownèd Virgin Queen enshrine
To rule the seas that saw her wondrous Sign!

[1]) Christian piety commemorates the triumph by the erection, at Patras, of a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary.

IN OBITU
JOSEPHI PECCI CARD.
GERMANI FRATRIS

ON THE DEATH
OF HIS BROTHER
CARD. JOSEPH PECCI

IOSEPH

IUSTITIAE factum satis est, poenisque solutum ;[1]
Iam caeli me templa tenent stellantia: sed tu
Cum tot sustineas, tam grandia munia, debes
Tanto plura Deo, quanto maiora tulisti.
Sume animum; fidens cymbam duc aequor in altum:
Sic tibi felices, largo sic fenore digni
Sint initi sancta pro relligione labores!
Attamen ut valeas olim sublimia caeli,
Vltrices fugiens flammas, attingere, prudens,
Mortali, IOACHIM, vitae dum vesceris aura,
Et gemitu abluere et lacrimis admissa memento.

IOACHIM

DUM vivam, fessosque regat dum spiritus artus,
Incensa ex imo ducens suspiria corde,
Ploratu maculas delere enitar amaro.
At tu, qui Superum securus luce bearis,
Confectum aerumnis, devexa aetate labantem
Erige, et usque memor de caelo respice fratrem.
Quem turbo heu! dudum premit horridus, horrida dudum
Fluctibus in mediis commota procella fatigat.

[1]) Iosepho Pecci Card., vita functo VI. Id. Feb. MDCCCLXXXX, supplicationibus sacrisque perlitatum est tanto numero, ut sperandum de eo non immerito videatur, ignis iam poena liberatum ad sempiternam in caelis pacem, Dei benignitate, avolavisse.—Hinc sumptum carminis argumentum.

JOSEPH

JUSTICE is satisfied; the debt is paid;[1]
The starry sky is mine at last—but thou
Dost hold a mighty office, and to God
Owest the more, the more He gives to thee.
Courage! thy bark still pilot o'er the deep:
Sweet is the toil and worthy great reward,
Which thou dost undergo for holy Faith!
Yet, that thou may'st the heights of heaven scale,
Nor touch the burning pool, remember well,
O Joachim, amidst thy mortal life,
To wash away thy sins with tears and sighs!

JOACHIM

YEA, while the spirit rules these weary limbs,
Shall I, with sighs heaved from my inmost heart,
And bitter tears, strive to undo my guilt:
But thou, secure and blest with heavenly light,
Look on me, bowed with years, broken with cares;
And from thy sky behold thy brother here,
So long oppressed with tempest, ah! so long
Wearied with storm and stress and battling waves!

[1]) The poem is based on the pious hope that the soul of Cardinal Pecci (✝ Feb. 8, 1890) has been, through the tender mercy of God and the many prayers and masses offered in his behalf, already freed from purgatorial flames and taken up into the heavenly rest.

IN MARIAM ELISAM BERNEZZO

VIDVAM

CAROLI CONESTABILE COMITIS[1]

CONIUGIS extincti crudeli funere, Elisa,
Vidimus in somnis te immotam adstare sepulcro,
Et siccis oculis premere altum corde dolorem:
Quin etiam cupidam, atque erecta fronte decoram,
Quo mens, et veteris quo vis urgebat amoris,
Vidimus obtutu tacito te quaerere caelum.
Vnde tibi haec virtus? unde haec constantia menti?
Scilicet alma fides, aeternae pacis et auspex
Spes bona nata Deo, te firmo robore praestant
Invictam, tristemque iubent compescere luctum.
Lux at Elisa, viden', rutilat nova, et aethera complet;
Aurea templa poli tremulo fulgore coruscant.
Coniugis extemplo ante oculos en dulcis imago
Apparere tuos, medioque e lumine visa
Annuere, aspectuque tibi adridere sereno.
Laetitia exultas: incenso corde supremum
Dicis ave; aeternum gratâ prece Numen adoras.

[1]) Is fuit Ioannis Caroli filius, e patricia Perusinorum nobilitate, Leoni XIII apprime carus; quem aetate non minus quam ingenio litterisque florentem immatura mors praeripuit.

"FOR LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH!"[1]

DEATH claimed him, and he met the common doom:
In dreams I see you stand beside his tomb,
And tearless press the swelling sorrow down—
Say rather, glimpse the fadeless laurel-crown;
For with fair brow raised to the bending skies,
Hopeful you look toward heaven with love-lit eyes!
Ah! whence thy strength and constancy of mind?
Faith nourished it; and Hope auspicious shrined
God's promises within thy heart! and so
Thou wouldst not yield thy soul to depths of woe.
Anon you see a sudden splendor bright
Suffuse the golden gates of heaven with light!
Open they swing; and lo! before your eyes
His dear face smiles on you from Paradise.
Ah me, with what a joy your heart must swell!
Inflamed with love it bids the last "Farewell,"
And shall with endless praise besiege God's citadel!

[1]) Lines to Maria Elisa Bernezzo, widow of Count Carlo Conestabile. The count was the son of Giovanni Carlo, of the patrician nobility of Perugia, and was very dear to Leo XIII. He died in the prime of life and in the height of his distinguished literary career.

DE S. PETRO CAELESTINO V.

PONT. MAX.

PONERE tergeminam festinas, Petre, coronam,
Tota ardens uni mente vacare Deo.[1]

O te felicem! spernis mortalia regna,
Caelicolum largo fenore regna tenes.

[1]) Petrus Caelestinus Aeserniae in Samnitibus natus....in solitudinem secessit....In Petri Cathedram adscitus, cum variis distentus curis, assuetis incumbere meditationibus vix posse cognosceret, oneri pariter et honori voluntarie cessit. (Ex lect. Breviarii Rom. die xix Maii.)

ST. CELESTINE V.

YOU would lay down
The triple crown [1]
To think of God alone?

Dear Saint! you spurn
Earth-realms, to earn
An everlasting throne!

[1]) Peter Celestine, born at Isernia in Apulia....withdrew into solitude.... Having been called to the Chair of Peter, and finding that in the midst of so many distracting cares he could scarce meditate as fully as was his wont, he voluntarily relinquished both the burden and the honor. (From the lessons of the Roman Breviary for May 19th.)

AD SOCIETATEM ROMANAM

IVVENTVTIS CATHOLICAE

A B. PETRO APOSTOLO NVNCVPATAM[1]

EIA age, carpe alacris, pubes Romana, negatum
Ignavis, virtutis iter; durare memento
Pectore magnanimo pro relligione labores.
Non nisi sudatae debetur laurea fronti.

[1]) Haec dictavit inscribenda sub imagine sua in linteo picta, quam ipsemet Societati supra dictae dono mislt an. MDCCCLXXXVIII.

"REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH"

ENTER at once the "narrow path";
No *Open, Sesame!* it hath:
Long heats and burdens must you bear—
Wet are the brows that laurels wear![1]

[1]) The Pope ordered these lines to be placed under his portrait in oil, which he presented, in the year 1888, to the Roman Society of Catholic Youth, named after the Apostle St. Peter.

AD SODALES ARCADICOS

ALTERO POST COLLEGIVM INSTITVTVM
EXEVNTE SAECVLO

NEANDER HERACLEVS

NEANDER HERACLEUS

TO HIS ARCADIAN COMRADES ON
THE OCCASION OF THEIR

BI-CENTENARY CELEBRATION

I

ARCADAS

AD CANENDVM INVITAT

Epigramma

E VATICANA vos, Arcades, arce NEANDER,
Olim quem socium dulcis alebat amor

Pieridum, salvere iubet, iuga laeta Heliconis
Scandere, maeoniis ludere carminibus.

Addit vota libens: in longum floreat aevum
Nominis arcadici gloria, priscus honos.

I

SING, YE ARCADIANS!

NEANDER, from his citadel,
Whom erst the jealous Muses did compel
In groves of Arcady to dwell,

Sends greeting unto every one,
And bids you scale the heights of Helicon,
And play Maeonian strings upon.

A parting wish his lips would frame:
Perpetual glory to the Arcadian name,
And amplest wealth of olden fame!

II

NEANDER HERACLEVS

ARCADIAE LAVDES

COMMEMORAT

Elegia

QUI quondam graia dictus de gente NEANDER
Rustica deduxit carmina puber adhuc,

Aoniae et vitreas Aganippes pastor ad undas,
Et vaga Permessi flumina pavit oves;

Nunc senior, premere excelsi vos culmina Pindi,
Concinere et versu nobiliore, iubet.

Fronde nova redimite comas; numerisque canoris
Ingeminet longum tibia vestra melos.

Expectata diu, post saecula bina renascens
Littore ab eoo, candida fausta dies

Arcadiae natalis adest, accepta Camenis,
Et memori vatum rite colenda choro.

Principio arcadici nemoris dicatur origo,
Mite solum, argolica nobilis arte locus.

II

NEANDER HERACLEUS

SINGS THE PRAISES OF ARCADIA

HE who, in Grecian style, the name Neander bore,
Full many a boyish ditty spun of yore;

At Aganippe's brook his flock he shepherded,
And by Permessus' wandering waters fed.

Older, he bids you mount Pindus, and joyful see
Lifted to heaven the fame of Arcady.

Circle with leafy green your flowing locks; prolong
On oaten stop the burden of your song!

Awaited long, while years have silent slipped away,
Propitious comes at length the natal day

Of Arcady the blest, dear to the Sacred Nine,
Worthy the mindful poets' frenzy fine.

I sing how Arcady first drew each dreaming heart;
How 'twas ennobled by Argolic art;

And how the wandering bands of shepherds—men of worth,
Illustrious names throughout the teeming earth—

How to Arcadia their spirits willing sped,
I know not by what subtle sweetness led!

Some did the laurels please, and some the grassy plots,
And some the darkling ease of Bacchic grots:

Some from a rustic reed, beneath the shady oak
Reclining, shepherd-music would evoke;

Or on the twanging lyre in Lesbian numbers dream
To the soft lullaby of lapsing stream.

First, Metastasio, with festal garlands crowned,
I love to name, and his just praise to sound:

From never-failing breasts fed by the Graces Three;
Taught of the Muse untoilsome melody;

Soothing the fretted ear with his mellifluous tone,—
Him Austria's court imperial made its own.

Some felt the sharper flame; and, soaring lightning-browed,
Thundered majestic from the enveloping cloud:

Them did Calliope compel to arduous ways—
Strong singer of the old heroic days.

Te ne ego sublimi sileam metuende flagello,
Carmine saepe ausum grandia pindarico?

Patria, magne senex, te Insubria vidit egentem:
Vindex posteritas te super astra locat.[1]

Neve tragoedorum, genuit quos itala tellus,
O decus et vatum maxime, te sileam.

Namque cothurnato incedis sublimis et acer,
Et tuto calcas pulpita nostra pede,

Spirans ore minas; Sophoclemque e littore graio
Spectandum Ausoniis mente animoque refers.[2]

Salvete, illustres animae, queis nobile in aevum,
Et fato maius nomen Apollo dedit.

Vos divae Aonides vultu adspexere sereno,
Maeonii et doctos carminis arte, sacro

Vertice vos Pindi, laurea cinxisse corona,
Concilio et gaudent inseruisse suo.

Gloria non mendax: victricis praemia frontis:
Magnus ab arcadico nomine partus honos.

[1]) Iosephus Parinius. [2]) Victorius Alfierius.

Parini, too, who scourged the follies of the time,
Or scaled like Pindar the far height sublime:

Careless the fatherland Insubrian saw his need
Whom to the stars avenging Time shall lead!

Nor him, Italia's son, my faithful song forget,
Of all her tragic bards the coronet:

For, singing mighty themes, Alfieri could be seen
Treading with buskined foot Arcadia's green:

His tragic musings wrought with finest Grecian art,
Renewed the Sophoclean mind and heart.

O splendid band of bards! to whom Apollo gave
A sacred name, and songs that bridge the grave!

Skilled in Maeonian song, on you with kindly mien
The Muses looked, and gracious brow serene.

Your brows are wreathed with bays; forever ye belong
To Fame, enrolled amid the heavenly throng.

O meed of toilsome Art! O undeceitful Fame!
O glory born of the Arcadian name!

Talia ne temere vulgus ridere profanum
Ausit, neu livens mordeat invidia.

Arcadiae at discat late splendescere sidus,
Et fulgore suo templa tenere poli.

Splendeat; inque dies radians lux in iuga Pindi,
In nemora et colles largior usque fluat.

Haec sacra Pieridum sedes; hic rore perenni
Castalii latices plenius arva rigant.

Hos haurire datum Arcadibus; *cantare peritos*
Arcadas, edixit maximus ore Maro.[1]

Huc properent, libeat seu grandia facta cothurno,
Seu canere argutâ pascua, rura, chely.

Pulchrior oh tandem vigeat divina Poesis,
Ad decus et graiam reddita munditiem!

Oh tandem ausonias misere devectus ad oras,
Fallax, *barbaricus* dispereat *numerus!*

Haec HERACLEA dictus de gente NEANDER
Nuncupat Arcadibus vota suprema senex.

1) cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus haec vestris, soli cantare periti
Arcades—
(VIRG. *Ecl.* x. v. 31, 32).

Let not the foolish mob dispute their honors high,
Nor green-eyed Envy raise a jealous cry:

Let them the pinnacle of templing heaven see
Blaze with the glowing Star of Arcady!

O may it evermore in grander orbits move—
Pindus illume, and every hill and grove!

Here shall the Muses rest; here with perennial dew
Castalian founts the fainting earth renew.

Here the Arcadians drink—*Arcadians skilled in song!*
Hither did Maro bid the adventurous throng

Who would with swelling port majestic themes rehearse,
Or tilth and meadow sing in mellower verse.

O Poesy divine! may thy delights increase,
Clad in the fairest draperies of Greece!

May the *barbaric* art of *numbers*, to the shore
Ausonian brought, be banished evermore!

To the Arcadians, Neander (now grown old)
These last and dearest wishes doth unfold!

AD GVILELMVM MASSAIA [1]

CARDINALEM

EX LEGATIONE AETHIOPICA

REDVCEM

CAELESTI eloquio Aethiopum fera pectora frangis;
Mox, bonus ut pastor, Christi ad ovile trahis.

Quid, lateant tua facta, rogas? [2] vulgare labores
Pro sancta exhaustos relligione, iuvat.

Difficiles pugnas, *magnalia* prodere Christi,
Vexilloque crucis parta tropaea, iuvat.

Fare, age; gesta libens memori concrede papyro:
Et tua late hominum fama per ora volet,

Excutiatque alios, mireque incendat eamdem
Carpere magnanimos, te praeeunte, viam.

[1])G. MASSAIA Cardinalis legatione Apostolica ad Aetiopas an. XXXV feliciter functus, ne rerum gestarum memoria intercideret, hortante in primis LEONE XIII Pont. Max., commentarios conscripsit et evulgavit.

[2]) Nesciri cupidus, diu haesit anceps antequam ad scribendum animum induceret.

TO GUGLIELMO CARD. MASSAIA[1]

WITH staff of heavenly truth you struck their hearts
of rock;
Then, a good Shepherd, led them to Christ's flock.

"My life, my works, be hid!"[2] your modest spirit
pleads:
Ah, but the world should know such zealous deeds,

Such combats waged with hell, such wondrous works of
God,
And the Cross planted deep in Ethiop sod.

The unforgetful page awaits thy bashful pen:
Come, let thy fame be sweet to lips of men,

That other hands may reap a glorious aftermath,
And follow bravely where you blazed a path.

[1]) Cardinal Massaia, at the special request of Pope Leo XIII., wrote and published, on his return to Italy, an historical summary of his work during twenty-five years as Legate to the Abyssinians.

[2]) Wishing to remain unknown, he hesitated a long time before he could be induced to write his narrative.

AN. MDCCCXCV

VIRGINE FAVENTE

FIAT VNVM OVILE

AUSPICIUM felix! Orientis personat oras
Vox missa e caelo, personat occiduas:

—Una fides Christi, Pastor regat unus Ovile,
Dispersas gentes colligat unus amor!—

Virgo, fave: errantes tu lumine mater amico
Respice, et Unigenae iunge benigna tuo.

THROUGH THE VIRGIN'S HELP

LET THERE BE ONE FOLD

(1895)

A HAPPY Sign! In Eastern land is heard
The heaven-descended word:

"One Faith of Christ, one Shepherd be, one Fold
One Love the nations hold!"

Mary, with friendly light the wanderers guide
Unto the Saviour's side!

AN. MDCCCXCV

SVB EFFIGIE

VIRGINIS GVADALVPANAE

APVD MEXICANOS

MEXICUS heic populus mira sub imagine gaudet
Te colere, alma Parens, praesidioque frui.

Per te sic vigeat felix, teque auspice, avitam
Sic teneat Petri firmior usque fidem!

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE[1]

(1895)

THE Mexic people, 'neath this image fair,
Utters its heart in prayer.

O may it prosper, and the Faith of old
Yet more securely hold!

[1]) Lines written under her picture.

AN. MDCCCXCV

IVLIVS ADOLESCENS

DEIPARAM

MATREM A BONO CONSILIO

SVPPLEX IMPLORAT

ASSUEVI a puero dulcem te dicere matrem,
Te prece, te votis sollicitare piis.

Mox pubescenti pietas deferbuit aevo:
Mens stupet insanis icta cupidinibus.

Ast o, tu pueri memor, adsis, Virgo: vocaris
Namque *boni* Mater provida *Consilii.*

THE PRAYER OF JULIUS[1]

(1895)

"MOTHER" I called thee from my childhood hour,
With prayer and hymn besought thy power.

A youth, I felt, alas! the olden fires
Cool in the midst of rash desires.

But thou art faithful: help thy erring child,
Thou "Mother of Good Counsel" styled!

[1]) To the Mother of God, under her title of "Mother of Good Counsel."

AN. MDCCCXCVI

OB MEMORIAM AVSPICATISSIMI EVENTVS QVVM FRANCORVM NATIO PRAEEVNTE CLODOVEO REGE SE CHRISTO ADDIXIT

ODE

Vivat Christus
Qui diligit Francos.

GENTIUM custos Deus est. Repente
Sternit insignes humilesque promit:
Exitus rerum tenet, atque nutu
Temperat aequo.

Teutonum pressus Clodoveus armis,
Ut suos vidit trepidos pericli,
Fertur has voces iterasse, ad astra
Lumina tendens:

Dive, quem supplex mea saepe coniux
Nuncupat Iesum, mihi dexter adsis
Si iuves promptus validusque, totum
Me tibi dedam.

Illico excussus pavor: acriores
Excitat virtus animos; resurgit
Francus in pugnam; ruit, et cruentos
Disiicit hostes.

"PRAISED BE CHRIST, WHO LOVES THE FRANKS!"[1]

(1896)

THERE is a God who rules the earth, and rends
The lofty mountain, spares the lowly hill:
"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will!"

Clovis, they say, at length on God relies,
Viewing the Teuton hosts with anxious brow;
Then lifteth up to heaven his kingly eyes,
Breathing a solemn vow:

"Help me, O God, to whom my dearest spouse
So oft hath offered prayer and praise divine;
If Thou our faltering courage wilt arouse,
I am forever Thine!"

And lo! a sudden courage seizes all
The Frankish host; fear and dismay have fled:
With ardor new upon the foe they fall,
And strew the earth with dead.

[1]) Written for the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis, to commemorate the auspicious event when the whole nation of the Franks, following his example, gave itself to Christ.

Victor i, voti Clodovee compos,
Sub iugo Christi caput obligatum
Pone; te Remis manet infulata
Fronte sacerdos.

Ludor? en signis positis ad aram
Ipse rex sacris renovatur undis,
Et cohors omnis populusque dio
Tingitur amne.

Roma ter felix, caput o renatae
Stirpis humanae, tua pande regna:
Namque victrices tibi sponte lauros
Francia defert.

Te colet matrem; tua maior esse
Gestiet natu: potiore vita
Crescet, ac summo benefida Petro
Clara feretur.

Ut mihi longum libet intueri
Agmen heroum! Domitor ferocis
Fulget Astolfi, pius ille sacri
Iuris amator,

Remque romanam populantis ultor:
Bis per abruptas metuendus alpes
Irruit, summoque Petro volentes
Asserit urbes.

Clovis, thy prayer is heard. Thy favored head
Beneath the yoke of Christ thou needs must bow:
At Rheims awaits thy coming, heaven-led,
The priest with mitred brow.

Dream I? for lo! each banner, spear and helm
Cast at the altar's foot where lowly kneel
Clovis, his cohorts, and the Frankish realm,
Baptismal floods to feel!

Thrice-happy Rome, thine the inheritance
Of the redeeming grace of Christ the King:
How willingly to thy dear hands doth France
Her conquering laurels bring!

Dear mother Rome, how gladly France declares
Herself thy "first-born"—(title that endears!)—
Placing a trustful hand in thine she fares
All-prosperous through the years!

How I rejoice to see the lengthening line
Of Gallic Heroes! Him that gave to flight
The furious Aistulf—how his glories shine,
Lover of sacred right,

Zealous avenger of the Roman state,
Twice through the riven Alps a fearless way
Threading, to place the rescued cities' fate
'Neath Peter's gentle sway!

Laetus admiror Solymis potitas
Vindices *sancti Tumuli* phalanges:
Me palaestinis renovata campis
Proelia tangunt.

O novum robur celebris puellae
Castra perrumpens inimica! turpem
Galliae cladem repulit Ioanna
Numine freta.

O quot illustres animae nefanda
Monstra Calvini domuere, gentem
Labe tam dira prohibere fortes
Sceptraque regni!

Quo feror? tempus redit auspicatum
Prisca quo virtus animis calescat:
Ecce, remensis ciet atque adurget
Corda triumphus.

Gallicae gentes, iubaris vetusti
Ne quid obscuret radios, cavete;
Neve suffundat malesuadus error
Mentibus umbras.

Vos regat Christus, sibi quos revinxit:
Obsequi sectis pudeat probrosis;
Occidat livor, sociasque in unum
Cogite vires.

Gladly anon I see the warlike host
Thronging to save Christ's Sepulchre from harm:
Methinks again I view the sacred coast,
And hear the loud alarm!

And her—the saintly Maid whose girlish hand
Hordes of a vast beleaguering foe withstood,
Saving from sword and fire her fatherland,
Strong in the might of God!

And then the band of those illustrious ones
Who conquered Calvin's wild extravagance,
Strong to redeem from error's grasp the sons
And sceptres of old France!

Yet whither am I borne on glowing dreams?
Again may we the ancient glories view:
Behold how once again triumphal Rheims
Bids us rejoice anew!

Ye Gallic peoples, gloriously endowed,
Let naught obscure the splendors ye have known;
Let no misleading error cast a cloud
Over your fertile zone.

Be Christ your guide, who to Himself hath bound
Your souls: to follow wicked sects be shame;
Let discord flee, and every heart be found
Loyal to one grand aim!

Saecla bis septem calor actuosae
Perstitit vitae, renuens perire:
Currite ad Veslam;[1] novus aestuabit
Pectore fervor.

Dissitis floret magis usque terris
Gallicum nomen: populis vel ipsis
Adsit eois, Fideique sanctae
Vota secundet.

Nil Fide Christi prius: hac adempta
Nil diu felix. Stetit unde priscae
Summa laus genti, manet inde iugis
Gloria Gallos.

[1]) Flumen alluens Remos, ubi rei christianae apud Francos dedicata sunt nitia.

Twice seven centuries hath faith imbued
Your nerves with strength secure from Satan's arts:
To the Vesle[1] hasten, and let faith renewed
Inflame your zealous hearts.

Unto remotest bounds of earth may France
Be known and honored: in the Eastern land
May she forever prosper, and advance
What hopes her heart hath planned!

The faith of Christ—be that her highest gain:
Once lost, what can its happy days recall?
For 't was of old, and ever must remain,
The glory of the Gaul.

[1]) Rheims, situated on the Vesle (a tributary of the Aisne), became the cradle of Christianity for the Franks.

AN. MDCCCXCVII

DEO ET VIRGINI MATRI

EXTREMA LEONIS VOTA

EXTREMUM radiat, pallenti involvitur umbra
Iam iam sol moriens; nox subit atra, LEO,

Atra tibi: arescunt venae, nec vividus humor
Perfluit; exhausto corpore vita perit.

Mors telum fatale iacit; velamine amicta
Funereo, gelidus contegit ossa lapis.

Ast anima aufugiens excussis libera vinclis,
Continuo aetherias ardet anhela plagas;

Huc celerat cursum; longarum haec meta viarum:
Expleat oh clemens anxia vota Deus!

Oh caelum attingam! supremo munere detur
Divino aeternum lumine et ore frui.

Teque, o Virgo, frui; matrem te parvulus infans
Dilexi, flagrans in sene crevit amor.

Excipe me caelo; caeli de civibus unus,
Auspice te, dicam, praemia tanta tuli.

VERSIONE

DEL sol cadente e che si asconde omai
Splendon, LEON, su te gli ultimi rai:

Nelle rïarse vene inaridita,
Lenta lenta si spegne omai la vita.

Vibra Morte lo stral; le fredde spoglie
Chiuse in funereo vel la tomba accoglie;

Ma fuor di sua prigion lo spirto anelo
Ratto dispiega il vol, ricerca il cielo.

D'aspro lungo cammin questa la meta:
Deh, Signor mio, la santa voglia acqueta;

E se di tanto, tua mercè, fia degno,
Lo spirto accogli nel beato regno!

Tu pur, MARIA, m' accogli; mio conforto
Tu fosti, e guida al desïato porto.

In ciel mi svela tua beltà divina,
Vergine Madre, alma del ciel Regina.

DEO ET VIRGINI

INSTANTE MORTE

VOTA

EXTREMUM radiat, pallenti involvitur umbra
Iam iam sol moriens; nox subit atra, LEO,

Atra tibi: arescunt venae, nec vividus humor
Perfluit; exhausto corpore vita perit.

Mors telum fatale iacit; velamine amicta
Funereo, gelidus contegit ossa lapis.

Ast anima aufugiens excussis libera vinclis,
Continuo aetherias ardet anhela plagas;

Huc celerat cursum; longarum haec meta viarum:
Expleat oh clemens anxia vota Deus!

Oh caelum attingam! supremo munere detur
Divino aeternum lumine et ore frui.

Teque, MARIA, fruar, mundi Regina, per hostes
Infensos trepido quae benefida viam

Pandisti ad patriam. Caeli de civibus unus,
To duce, iam dicam, praemia tanta tuli.

DEATH

(1897)

THE westering sun draws near his cloudy bed,
Leo, and gradual darkness veils thy head:

The sluggish life-blood in thy withered veins
More slowly runs its course—what then remains?

Lo! Death is brandishing his fatal dart,
And the grave yearns to shroud thy mortal part:

But from its prison freed, the soul expands
Exulting pinions to the enfranchised lands.

My weary race is run—I touch the goal:
Hear, Lord, the feeble pantings of my soul;

If it be worthy, Lord, thy pitying breast
Welcome it unto everlasting rest!

May I behold thee, Queen of earth and sky,
Whose love enchained the demons lurking nigh

The path to heaven; and freely shall I own
'T was thy sweet care that gained my blissful crown!

AN. MDCCCXCVII

IVLIO STERBINIO

FAMILIARI

IULI, munus habe, Cor Iesv:[1] manat abunde
Inde, viden, iugis vena salubris aquae.

Hunc alacer propera ad fontem, hoc te merge lavacro:
Continuo labes eluit unda tuas.

Emergis nive candidior; defigere caelo
Lumina iamque acie vividiore vales.

Magna aude: discas mortalia spernere, discas
Calcare intrepido cuncta caduca pede.

[1]) Hunc eiusque familiam die XV Septembris an. MDCCCXCVI Leo XIII augusto Iesv Cordi pie dedicat. Rei testimonium vult esse depictam eiusdem divini Cordis tabulam, quam dono ei dat, simulque hanc poeticam hortationem, et subsequentem filiis inscriptam.

TO MY FRIEND

JULIUS STERBINI

(1897)

JULIUS, as gift to thee, I send
The Saviour's HEART,[1] whence flow
Life-giving streams that have no end,
To heal our every woe.

O haste thee to that fountain clear;
Accept that healing bath:
In whiter raiment thou'lt appear
Than e'en the snowflake hath!

Thou comest forth; lo! cleansed of sin,
Now canst thou fix thine eyes,
With steadier gaze than erst had been,
Upon the expectant skies.

O greatly dare! securely learn
How fearlessly thy feet
Should earth's decaying splendor spurn
To gain the heavenly seat.

[1]) On the 15th of September, 1896, Leo XIII affectionately consecrated Julius Sterbini and his family to the august Heart of Jesus; in testimony whereof he presented them with a picture of the Divine Heart, and accompanied it with this and the following poem.

Sit pudor indigno flagrare cupidine; saecli
Sitque capi illecebris deliciisque pudor.

Unum Cor Iesv o sapias, Iuli! unaque Iesus
Sit tibi non mendax gloria et unus amor:

Invictum robur dubia in certamina vitae,
Fulgida lux signans tutum iter ad patriam!

Shame lurks in every earthly lust;
Fear then each foul desire:
Tread wanton pleasure in the dust
And quench the smouldering fire.

Christ's HEART alone thy wisdom be,
Thy strength, thy glory blest,
Thy Love, that ceaseless as the sea
Beats in thy flaming breast:

A tower of strength that shall thy foes
And all their darts withstand;
A light that safe the pathway shows
Unto the Fatherland!

AN. MDCCCXCVII

(IDEM)

IVLII STERBINI

FILIIS

IOSEPHO ALPHONSO NICOLAO

IMPERAT ipse Deus Iesvm redamemus amantem :
Eia agite, o pueri, ad Iesum properate volentes;
Huc mens, huc animus; mortalia quaeque perosi
Hoc unum eniti primis assuescite ab annis,
Ardeat ut vestris divinus cordibus ignis.
Exemplo en vobis mater praelucet, Iulus
En genitor; calcare iuvat vestigia sancta.
Nil sit dulce magis quam Corde quiescere Iesv
Divinoque sinu cupide magis usque recondi !
Hic fons ad vitam saliens; hinc larga bonorum
Copia, rebusque in trepidis caeleste levamen;
Hostibus in pugna domitis partoque triumpho,
Hic tranquilla quies, praesens tutissima in aevum,
Aeternae vobis felix praenuncia pacis.

A SONNET ON LOVE

FOR THE

SACRED HEART

(1897)

GOD bids us love His ever-loving SON:
Hasten, O children, to the Saviour's side;
There only may your hearts and minds abide;
Through all the years to come, be this your one
Perpetual work, in tenderest youth begun—
To nourish love for Jesus Crucified!
Father and mother shall your footsteps guide,
And teach how sweetly God's sweet will is done.
Ah, what more blessed refuge in the strife
May wearied spirits find, than Jesus' HEART?
That Fountain springing up to endless Life,
And scattering dewy balsam on each smart;
That Pledge of peace, where stormy war is rife,
Making the very earth heaven's counterpart!

AN. MDCCCXCVII

OB NVPTIAS

ALPHONSI STERBINI ET IVLIAE PIZZIRANI

CONCORDI flagrant Alphonsus Iulia amore,
Incenso a pueris: unde amor iste? rogas.

Scilicet et simile ingenium, parilisque voluntas;
Amborum inde ardens pectora cepit amor.

Relligio et pietas aluere probataque virtus,
Ingenuusque animi candor et alma fides.

Vota ambo ingeminant; affulget sidus amicum,
E Pompeiana VIRGINE adauctus amor.[1]

Quid iam plura petis? lectos, dignosque iugali
Foedere sanctus amor quos bene iungat, habes.

[1]) Deiparam Virginem Pompeianam imploraverant nuptiis feliciter ineundis.

EPITHALAMIUM[1]

(1897)

TWO hearts—twin altars—claim
A single love-lit flame:
You ask me whence it came?

Kindred in heart and soul—
Love silent on them stole
And gained complete control!

Sweeter its victory,
When virtue's laws decree
Inviolate loyalty!

At Mary's shrine they bow,
A mutual troth to vow
In love made holier now.

What more? I end my lay,
Heaven's choicest gifts to pray
On this, their wedding day!

[1]) On the nuptials of Alphonsus Sterbini and Julia Pizzirani.

AN. MDCCCXCVII

TENVI VICTV CONTENTVS INGLVVIEM FVGE

AD FABRICIVM RVFVM

EPISTOLA

QUO victu immunem morbis, et robore vitam
Ducere florentem possis, sermone diserto
Sedulus Hippocratis cultor rigidusque satelles
Haec nuper praecepta bonus tradebat Ofellus;
Multa et de tristi ingluvie gravis ore locutus.
Munditiae imprimis studeas; sine divite cultu
Mensa tibi, nitidae lances et candida mappa.—
Apponi in mensa iubeas purissima vina;
Et vacuus curis, grato praecordia potu
Demulce et recrea, convivas inter amicos.
Sobrius at caveas, nimium ne crede lyaeo,
Neu crebra pigeat calices perfundere lympha.—
Candida lympha! datum vix quidquam hoc munere maius,
Vix quidquam varios vitae magis utile in usus.—
E munda cerere atque excoctos delige panes.—
Quas gallina dapes aut bos agnusve pararint
Sume libens; toto nam firmant corpore vires;
At mollire prius carnes, et fercula cures

ON FRUGALITY AND LONG LIFE

EPISTLE TO FABRICIUS RUFUS

(1897)

THAT meat and drink might health and strength confer,
And happy life, Ofellus, follower
And careful student of Hippocrates,
Was wont to frame such thoughtful rules as these—
(Pointing the moral with men's gluttonies):
Seek neatness first: although thy board be spare,
Be every dish and napkin bright and fair;
And be thy vintage purest of the pure,
To warm the heart and prove a pleasant lure
That shall both friends and wholesome mirth ensure.
Be frugal here, however; nor decline
To put a frequent water to your wine.
O crystal drops that heaven from ocean lifts
To shower on earth the best of nature's gifts!
Select for home-made bread the choicest wheat,
And have in plenty all the goodly meat
Of fowl, and lamb, and ox (but first be sure
They're tender!); nor with plenteous garniture

Ne siser inficiat, ne faecula coa vel alec.—
Nunc age; provideas tereti defusa catino,
Ne desit mensae spumantis copia lactis.
Nil vitale magis, nil lacte salubrius; infans
Qui lac suxisti, senior bene lacte valebis.—
Degustanda simul profer dulcissima mella;
Attamen hyblaeo parcus de nectare liba.—
Tum laudata tibi sint ova recentia, succum
Leni igne aut libeat modicis siccare patellis,
Sugere seu mollem pleno sit gratius ore;
Utcumque absumas erit utilis esca saluti.—
Culta suburbano, riguoque virentia in horto
Adde olera et pubens decusso fiore legumen.
Adde novos quos laeta refert tibi vinea fructus,
Dulces pampinea decerptos vite racemos,
Pruna admixta pyris, imprimis mitia poma,
Quae pulcre in cistis mensam rubicunda coronent.—
Postremo e tostis succedat potio baccis,
Quas tibi Moka ferax e littore mittit eoo:
Nigrantem laticem sensim summisque labellis
Sorbilla; dulcis stomachum bene molliet haustus.—
De tenui victu haec teneas, his utere tutus,
Ad seram ut valeas sanus vegetusque senectam.
At contra (haec sapiens argute addebat Ofellus)
Nectere nata dolos, homines et perdere nata
Vitanda Ingluvies, crudelis et improba siren.
Principio haec illi sollers et sedula cura,
Instruere ornatu mensas cultuque decoras.

Of spice and pickle play the epicure!
Next, have the beakers foaming to the brim
With milk no thrifty maid hath dared to skim:
No draught than this more wholesome shall assuage
The thirst of childhood or declining age.
Let golden honey be thy daintier fare;
Of Hybla's nectar take a scantier share.
Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the town—
Hard-boiled or soft, or fried to savory brown,
Or poached, or dropped, or sipped raw from the shell,
Or done in ways too numerous to tell.
Add herbs and salads to the feast—whatso
May in suburban gardens freely grow.
Bring forth the clustered fruitage of the vine,
Plucked where the clambering tendrils intertwine.
Have plums and pears—the bursting panniers crown
With red-cheeked apples laughing gaily down.
And, last, delicious fragrance of the East!
With cups of steaming Mocha close the feast;
But taste the amber with a lingering lip—
No hasty draught!—'t was made for gods to sip!
Now if you diet thus, why, I'll engage,
You've found the secret of a green old age.
But Gluttony, Ofellus argues well,
Can quickly lay her snare, and cast her spell,
And lead to shipwreck like the siren shell.
This only is her dream: The festive board
Must groan with all that wealth and art afford.

Explicat ipsa, viden', tonsis mantelia villis;
Grandia disponit longo ordine pocula, lances,
Caelatas auro pateras, argentea vasa;
Mensa thymo atque apio redolet florumque corollis.—
His laute instructis, simulata voce locuta
Convivas trahit incautos; succedere tecto,
Et lectis blanda invitat discumbere eburnis;
Continuoque reposta cadis lectissima vina
Caecuba depromit, coumque vetusque falernum;
Quin exquisita stillatos arte liquores
E musto et pomis, ultro potantibus offert.
Convivae humectant certatim guttura, et unâ
Succosas avido degustant ore placentas.
Ecce autem lucanus aper, perfusus abunde
Mordaci pipere atque oleo, profertur edendus,
Et leporum pingues armi, et iecur anseris albi,
Assique in verubus turdi, niveique columbi.
Carnibus admixti pisces; cum murice rhombi,
Ostrea, et educti Miseno e gurgite echini.
Hos super, immanis patina porrecta nitenti,
Apparet squillas inter muraena natantes.—
Attonitis inhiant oculis; saturantur opime;
Cuncta vorant usque ad fastidia; iamque lyaeo
Inflati venas nimio, dapibusque gravati
Surgunt convivae, temere bacchantur in aula,
Insana et pugiles inter se iurgia miscent,
Defessi donec lymphata mente quiescunt.
Laeta dolum ingluvies ridet, iam facta suorum

She spreads her costly napkins, meant for show,
'Twixt plates and glasses in a gleaming row:
Silver and gold the hooded lights illume,
While the air reeks with Araby's perfume.
Her table set, with hospitable air
She draws the thoughtless to her hidden snare;
On ivory couches bids their limbs recline,
And taps forthwith her cask of choicest wine
Sleeping old summers in the Falernian vine;
Cordials she offers next, and fine liqueurs
By patent arts distilled (for all are hers!) :
The guests drink eagerly with envious haste,
And gorge themselves with cake and juicy paste.
Then grosser dishes: a Lucanian boar
With oil, and spice, and pepper covered o'er;
Liver of duck, and leg of fatling hare,
Plover and squab, and all such gourmet-fare.
And what's not flesh is fish: turbots and clams,
Oysters, and what-not, caught in streams and dams.
A hugh murena fills the shining dish,
And swims amidst a shoal of smaller fish.
The guests look on with hungry eyes: in fine,
With stomachs gorged, and veins afire with wine,
They rise to dance, where they have come to dine:
They rise to dance—each crazy bacchanal,
Bandying threats and blows, around the hall
Stumbles, till drunken stupors silence all.
But Gluttony looks on the rout, and smiles

Compos votorum, et gaudet, memor artis iniquae,
Ceu nautas tumida pereuntes aequoris unda,
Mergere convivas miseros sub gurgite tanto.
Nam subito exsudant praecordia, et excita bilis
E iecore in stomachum larga affluit, ilia torquet,
Immanemque ciet commoto ventre tumultum;
Membra labant incerta, stupent pallentia et ora.
Corpore sic misere exhausto fractoque, quid ultra
Audeat ingluvies? Ipsum, proh dedecus! ipsum
Figere humo, ac (tantum si fas) extinguere malit
Immortalem animum, divinae particulam aurae.

To see the outcome of her patient wiles:
How Circe's guests have sunk to shameful sleep,
As sailors perish in the yawning deep;
And how anon the tortured liver wakes
To sudden protest; how the stomach aches,
While steaming sweat bedews the trembling limbs,
And a thick mist the bloodshot vision dims.
With the wrecked body brought to such a pass,
Shall Gluttony essay beyond? Alas!
Her arts would seek to bury in the sod
Even the soul—spark of the breath of God!

AN. CHRISTI MDCCCC

PRIDIE KALENDAS IANVARIAS

A IESV CHRISTO

INEVNTIS SAECVLI AVSPICIA

CULTRIX bonarum nobilis artium
Decedit aetas; publica commoda,
Viresque naturae retectas,
Quisquis avet, memoret canendo.

Saecli occidentis me vehementius
Admissa tangunt; haec doleo et fremo.
Proh! quot, retrorsum conspicatus,
Dedecorum monumenta cerno.

Querarne caedes, sceptraque diruta,
An pervagantis monstra licentiae?
An dirum in arcem Vaticanam
Mille dolis initum duellum.

Quo cessit Urbis, principis urbium,
Nullo impeditum servitio decus?
Quam saecla, quam gentes avitae
Pontificum coluere sedem.

THE OPENING CENTURY

LINES WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

(1900)

A NOBLE nurse of all the arts,
The Age departs:
Let who will sing the truths it taught,
The marvels wrought:

Me rather shall its sinful years
But move to tears,
As in a backward glance I see
Its infamy.

Shall blood of men be my lament,
Or sceptres rent,
Or Vatican's dear citadel
Besieged of hell?

The glory, Rome, that crowned thy brow,
Where is it now?
Of old, all nations loved in thee
Thy Pontiff's See.

Vae segregatis Numine legibus!
Quae lex honesti, quae superest fides?
Nutant, semel submota ab aris,
Atque ruunt labefacta iura.

Auditis? effert impia conscius
Insanientis grex sapientiae;
Brutaeque naturae supremum
Nititur asseruisse numen.

Nostrae supremam gentis originem
Fastidit excors; dissociabilem,
Umbras inanes mente captans,
Stirpem hominum pecudumque miscet.

Heu quam probroso gurgite volvitur
Vis impotentis caeca superbiae,
Servate, mortales, in omne
Iussa Dei metuenda tempus.

Qui *vita* solus, certaque *veritas*,
Qui recta et una est ad Superos *via*,
Is reddere ad votum fluentes
Terrigenis valet unus annos.

Nuper sacratos ad cineres Petri
Turbas piorum sancta petentium
Is ipse duxit; non inane
Auspicium pietas renascens.

O godless laws, count up your gains:
What truth remains?
A shrineless Justice, lo! it stands
On shifting sands.

Hark ye the new hierophant
Of Science, chant
His song to Nature's soulless clod
As to a god!

And yet Man's birthright from on high
He will deny,
And search to find a single root
For Man and Brute.

O to what hideous depth is hurled
The proud, proud world!
Kneel, then, O mortal man, to God,
And kiss His rod.

Him only, Truth, and Life, and Way,
Learn to obey,
Who only, through the fleeting years,
Can dry thy tears.

The pilgrim hosts to Peter's shrine
His Hand divine
But now hath led—a portent viewed
Of Faith renewed.

Iesv, futuri temporis arbiter,
Surgentis aevi cursibus annue:
Virtute divina rebelles
Coge sequi meliora gentes.

Tu pacis almae semina provehe;
Irae, tumultus, bellaqua tristia
Tandem residant: improborum
In tenebrosa age regna fraudes.

Mens una reges, te duce, temperet,
Tuis ut instent legibus obsequi:
Sitque unum Ovile et Pastor unus,
Una Fides moderetur orbem.

Cursum peregi, lustraque bis novem,
Te dante, vixi. Tu cumulum adiice;
Fac, quaeso, ne incassum precantis
Vota tui recidant Leonis.

Jesus, Who on Thy throne sublime
Shalt judge all time,
Make the rebellious will obey
Thy sovereign sway:

Scatter the seeds of gentle peace
Till war shall cease;
And to their native hell exile
Tumult and guile:

One dream let hearts of kings pursue—
Thy Will to do;
One Shepherd let the earth behold,
One Faith, one Fold.

Long ninety years my course is run—
Thy Will be done:
My prayers the crowning grace to gain,
Be not in vain!

AN. MDCCCCI

IN PRAELVDIO NATALIS IESV CHRISTI DOMINI NOSTRI

ANNUA nascentis Iesu sollemnia iamiam
Exoriens revehit rite colenda dies.

At non laetitiae praelucet candida ut olim
Nuncia, nec pacis munera grata refert.

Humanae heu! genti turba undique dira malorum
Instat flebiliter, flebiliora parat.

Numinis en oblita, indigne oblita parentum,
Succrescens aetas excutit omne iugum.

Scindit in adversas cives discordia partes,
Ardetque immitis facta cruenta, neces.

Iura verenda iacent; cessere fidesque pudorque;
Omne impune audet caeca cupido nefas:—

Adsis, sancte Puer, saeclo succurre ruenti:
Ne pereat misere, Tu Deus una salus.

THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS

(1901)

COMETH the yearly Feast, the wondrous Holy Night,
Worthy of sacred hymn and solemn rite.

No harbingers of joy the olden message sing,
Nor gifts of Peace to waiting mortals bring.

Alone the thronging hosts of evil men I hear,
And see the anxious brow and falling tear.

The Age will bear no yoke; forgets the God above,
Nor duteous payment yields to parents' love.

Suspicious Discord rends the peaceful State in twain,
And busy Murder follows in her train.

Gone are the loyal faith, the rights revered of old—
Reigns but a blind and cruel lust of Gold!

O come, Thou holy CHILD! Pity the fallen world,
Lest it should perish, into darkness hurled.

Auspice te, terris florescat mitior aetas,
Emersa e tantis integra flagitiis.

Per te felici collustret lumine mentes
Divinae priscus Relligionis honos.

Ardescant per te Fidei certamina; per te
Victrices palmae, fracta inimica cohors;

Disiectae errorum nubes, iraeque minaces
Restinctae, populis reddita amica quies.

Sic optata diu terras pax alma revisat,
Pectora fraterno foedere iungat amor.

Out of the laboring Night grant it a newer birth,
And a New Age to bloom o'er all the earth.

Circle with splendors old the brow of Faith divine;
Let her full glory on the nations shine.

Nerve her to battlings new; palsy her foes with dread;
Place the victorious laurel on her head.

Be Error's mist dissolved, and ancient feuds repressed,
Till Earth at last find quietude and rest.

O gentle Peace, return, nor evermore depart;
And link us hand in hand and heart to heart!

AN. MDCCCCI

IN PRAELVDIO NATALIS IESV CHRISTI DOMINI NOSTRI

ANNUA nascentis Iesu sollemnia iamiam
Exoriens revehit rite colenda dies.

At non laetitiae praelucet candida ut olim
Nuncia, nec pacis munera grata refert.

Humanae heu! genti turba undique dira malorum
Instat flebiliter, flebiliora parat.

Numinis en oblita, indigne oblita parentum,
Succrescens aetas excutit omne iugum.

Scindit in adversas cives discordia partes,
Ardetque immitis facta cruenta, neces.

Iura verenda iacent; cessere fidesque pudorque;
Omne impune audet caeca cupido nefas:—

(*Free Translation*)

A CHRISTMAS EVE REVERY

(1901)

WITH solemn rite and sacred mirth
Greet ye the ever-blessed morn,
When to the long-expectant earth
A CHILD was born:

But ah! not now, with splendor swift,
The darkling heaven shall glow again;
Nor Angel-heralds bring the gift
Of peace to men!

Alone the hosts of hellish wrath
Reaping its children, earth may hear;
Alone the garnered aftermath
Of groan and tear.

God's law the growing Age hath broke,
On parents' tender love hath trod:
The world can bear no more the yoke
Of man or God!

Foul Discord rends the State in twain;
Old Friendship scowls in hostile bands;
Red Slaughter wields her sword amain
With dripping hands.

Rights venerable from of old
Dragged in the dust; Truth overthrown;
Honor forgot—blind lust of Gold
Reigneth alone.

Adsis, sancte Puer, saeclo succurre ruenti:
Ne pereat misere, Tu Deus una salus.

Auspice te, terris floreseat mitior aetas,
Emersa e tantis integra flagitiis.

Per te felici collustret lumine mentes
Divinae priscus Relligionis honos.

Ardescant per te Fidei certamina; per te
Victrices palmae, fracta inimica cohors;

Disiectae errorum nubes, iraeque minaces
Restinctae, populis reddita amica quies.

Sic optata diu terras pax alma revisat,
Pectora fraterno foedere iungat amor.

Come, come, Thou heaven-descended CHILD!
Old earth is hastening to its fall:
Save it, and still the tumult wild,
Saviour of all!

Listen auspicious to my prayer:
Scatter the arid wastes with dew,
Until they bloom with fruitage fair,
And harvests new.

Through Thee may olden godliness
Brightly illume the darkened mind,
And tongues instruct to curse, but bless
The Truth divined.

Through Thee may Faith new laurels win,
New battles wage, new victory speak;
Through Thee, the scattered hosts of sin
Hell-covert seek!

Dissolved be Error's misty dream,
And ancient hatreds melt in mirth,
And friendly Quiet reign supreme
Through all the earth.

O long-desired of every land,
Come, Peace, and nevermore depart:
Come, Love, and join us hand to hand,
And heart to heart!

INSCRIPTIONES

INSCRIPTIONS

ANNO MDCCCXXIV[1]

A Ω

ANNA. ALEX. F. PROSPERIA

EGENORVM . ALTRIX . FILIORVM . AMANTISSIMA

DOMO . CORA

FEMINA . VETERIS . SANCTITATIS

FRVGI . MVNIFICA

H. S. E.

QVAE . OMNI . MATRIS . FAMILIAS . MVNERE

NITIDE . ET . IN . EXEMPLVM . PERFVNCTA

DECESSIT . CUM . LVCTV . BONORVM

NON . AVG . ANNO . MDCCCXXIV

VIX . DVLCISS . CVM . SVIS . ANN . LI . M. VII . D. XI

LVDOVICVS . PECCIVS . CONIVX . CVM . LIBERIS . MOERENTIBVS

MVLIERI . RARISSIMAE . INCOMPARABILI

M. P.

AVE . ANIMA . CANDIDISSIMA

TE . IN . PACE

[1]) In obitu matris carissimae. Extat monumentum Romae ad sacrorum Francisci Assisiensis Stigmatum.

(1824)[1]

A Ω

HERE LIES

ANNE, DAUGHTER OF ALEX. PROSPERI,

OF CORI:

A MOTHER TO THE POOR,

MOST DEVOTED TO HER CHILDREN,

A MATRON OF THE OLDEN PIETY,

A MODEL OF DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

PROVIDENT AND GENEROUS:

MOURNED BY ALL GOOD PEOPLE,

SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE

AUG. 5TH, 1824,

AGED 51 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, 11 DAYS.

TO THIS DEAR AND INCOMPARABLE WOMAN,

HER HUSBAND LUIGI PECCI

AND HER WEEPING CHILDREN

HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT.

FAREWELL, THOU PUREST SOUL!

REST IN PEACE!

[1]) At the death of his dearest mother. The monument is set up in the Church of the Sacred Stigmata of Francis of Assisi.

AN. MDCCCLXXIII

GERTRVDI STERBINIAE

VIRGINI . SALESIANAE

INNOCENTISSIMAE

QVAE

VTI . CHRISTO . IESV . PLACERET

ASPERA . MVLTA . FORTITER . TVLIT

EADEM

RIGIDIORVM . ALVMNA . ET . CVLTRIX . VIRTVTVM

MVNERIBVS . LABORIBVS . QVE . SANCTE . PERFVNCTA

MATURA . CAELO

LAETA . LIBENS

IN . PACE . CHRISTI . CONQVIEVIT

III. NON. FEBR. AN. MDCCCLXXIII.

ANNOS . NATA . XLIII . M . I . D . XXVI.

IVLIVS . FRATER

SORORI . INCOMPARABILI

SE . SVOS . QVE . COMMENDAT

(1873)

TO

GERTRUDE STERBINI

A SALESIAN[1] NUN

OF MOST BLAMELESS LIFE,

WHO,

THAT SHE MIGHT BE PLEASING

TO CHRIST JESUS,

BORE WITH FORTITUDE MANY TRIALS

AND CULTIVATED AND EXEMPLIFIED

THE MOST RIGID VIRTUES.

HAVING PERFORMED HOLILY HER DUTIES AND LABORS,

BEING RIPE FOR HEAVEN,

HAPPY AND RESIGNED

SHE SLEPT IN THE PEACE OF CHRIST,

FEB. 3D, 1873,

AGED 43 YEARS, 1 MONTH, 26 DAYS.

TO THIS INCOMPARABLE SISTER

HER BROTHER GIULIO COMMENDS

HIM AND HIS.

[1]) *i. e.*, a Nun of the Order of the Visitation founded under the direction of St. Francis de Sales.

AN. MDCCCLXXXVII

LEO XIII. P. M.

AEDES . VETERES

DYNASTARVM . SIGNIENSIVM

AERE . SVO . COEMPTAS . REFECTAS

PVERIS . PVELLISQVE

AD . RELIGIONEM

AD . HVMANITATEM . ERVDIENDIS

DESTINAVIT

AN. MDCCCLXXXVII

BLASIO . SIBILIA . EPISCOPO

(1887)

LEO XIII. P. M.

HAS DEVOTED

THIS ANCIENT PALACE

OF THE LORDS OF SEGNI,

WHICH HE PURCHASED AND REPAIRED

AT HIS OWN EXPENSE,

TO THE EDUCATION

OF BOYS AND GIRLS

IN KNOWLEDGE AND PIETY :

IN THE YEAR 1887,

DURING THE EPISCOPATE OF

BLASIO SIBILIA.

MORALIA

AN. MDCCCLXXXVI

RERVM . MORTALIVM . VICES

VIRTVTE . RELICTA

MISERAE . ET . LAMENTABILES

(1886)

THE VICISSITUDES OF OUR MORTAL LIFE,

ONCE VIRTUE IS LEFT BEHIND,

ARE INDEED FULL OF MISERY AND MOURNING.

Omne quod in mundo est, concupiscentia carnis est, et concupiscentia oculorum, et superbia vitae.[1]
(*Ioan.* Ep. I, c. II, v. 16.)

AN. MDCCCLXXXVI

Concupiscentia carnis

I.

INSANA . VOLVPTATVM . CVPIDITAS

INIMICA . RATIONI

MULTORVM . SCELERVM . ABOMINATA

PARENS

HOMINVM . GENERI

DEDECVS . ET . IGNOMINIAM

INVRIT

[1]) Cornelius a Lapide in hunc locum: "quidquid spectabili hoc mundo "continetur, aut carnis cupidinibus, aut illecebris animum emollit et in- "quinat, aut opum cupiditate accendit, aut superbia et fastu extollit: quae "omnia sunt a Deo Patre eiusque amore aliena, atque ad haec caduca "mundi bona, vel potius bonorum umbras et simulacra pertinent."

All that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life.[1]

(John, Ep. I, c. II, v. 16.)

(1886)

Concupiscence of the flesh

I.

INSENSATE LOVE OF PLEASURE,

AN ENEMY TO REASON,

AN ACCURSED PARENT OF MANY SINS,

BRANDS MANKIND

WITH SHAME AND DISGRACE.

[1]) Cornelius a Lapide, commenting on this text, says: "Whatever this visible world contains, either weakens and stains the soul through the lusts and allurements of the flesh, or inflames it with the desire of riches, or exalts it with pride and arrogance; but all this is foreign to God the Father and to His love, and belongs to the transitory goods—or rather shadows and phantoms of good things—of this world."

II.

VOLVPTAS

INVERECVNDA . ET . IMPROBA . SIREN

CANTV . BLANDITIIS

HVMANA . PECTORA . EMOLLIT

FASCINAT

CIRCAEO . POCVLO

AD . EXITIVM . ET . NECEM

ADDVCIT

II.

PLEASURE

IS A LEWD AND SHAMELESS SIREN:

WITH SONGS AND CARESSES

SHE ENERVATES THE HEART;

BEWITCHING

WITH HER CIRCEAN DRAUGHT,

SHE LEADS THE WAY TO RUIN

AND DEATH.

ST. ALBERT'S [illegible] LIBRARY

AN. MDCCCLXXXVI.

Concupiscentia oculorum

I.

EXLEX . DIVITIARVM . AMOR

PESSIMVM . GENVS . SERVITVTIS

AD . TERRAM . AFFIGIT . IMMORTALES

ANIMOS

CONSECTARI . INEXPLEBILI . AVIDITATE . COACTOS

VMBRAM . ET . IMAGINES

BREVI . DILAPSVRAS

(1886)

Concupiscence of the eyes

I.

LAWLESS LOVE OF RICHES,

THE MEANEST OF SLAVERIES,

BINDS CLOSE TO EARTH IMMORTAL

SOULS,

WHO ARE FORCED

BY AN INSATIABLE CRAVING

TO PURSUE DREAMS AND SHADOWS

THAT SOON FADE AWAY.

II.

PECVNIAM . INFINITE . CONCVPISCENS

FASTIDIT . HOMO

MANSVRA . ANIMI . BONA

REBVSQVE . ADHAERESCENS

INCERTIS . ET . FLVXIS

HVMILI . METV . HVMILIORE . SPE

LVDITVR . INVICEM

II

WHO HATH BOUNDLESS CRAVING FOR WEALTH

LOATHES

THE LASTING TREASURES OF THE SOUL ;

CLEAVES TO THE UNSTABLE AND PERISHABLE ;

BECOMES THE SPORT BY TURNS

OF A MEAN FEAR

AND A STILL MORE IGNOBLE HOPE.

AN. MDCCCLXXXVI

Superbia vitae

I

AMBITIO

SIMVLTATVM . CONTENTIONVMQVE

ACERRIMA . INSTIGATRIX

IVSTITIA . POSTHABITA . FALLACIA . COMITE

AD . PRAEMIA . AVDACTER . NITITVR

VIRTVTI . DEBITA

(1886)

The pride of life

I

AMBITION,

THE FIERCEST SPUR

TO HIDDEN HATE AND OPEN WAR,

TURNS ITS BACK ON JUSTICE,

AND, MAKING DECEIT ITS COMPANION,

STRIVES BRAZENLY FOR THE REWARDS

DUE TO VIRTUE.

II

TVMENS . ANIMVS . SVPERBIA

IN . SE . VNO . PONIT . OMNIA

CORRVPTOQVE . IVDICIO . VERI

GRANDIA . AGITANS . INANIA . CAPTANS

ERRORE . VARIO

AD . PEIORA . DELABITVR

II

THE SOUL PUFFED UP WITH PRIDE

CENTERS ALL THINGS IN HERSELF;

AND, BY HER CORRUPT ESTIMATE OF TRUTH,

SCHEMING GREAT DEEDS,

SEIZES BUT SHADOWS;

AND THROUGH VARIOUS ERRORS

FALLS FROM BAD TO WORSE.

AN. MDCCCLXXXIII

De ratione vitae in pontificatu degendae

I

IN . MORTALI . VITA . QVAE . SVPEREST

DECRETVM . EST

OBLATA . QVOTIDIE . PIACVLARI . HOSTIA

ARCTIVS . DEO . ADHAERERE

CVRANDAEQVE . HOMINUM . SALVTI . SEMPITERNAE

STVDIOSIVS . IN . DIES

VIGILANTI . ANIMO

ADLABORARE.

(1883)

On the life he shall lead in his pontificate

I

FOR THE REST OF MY MORTAL LIFE

I AM FIRMLY RESOLVED,

BY OFFERING DAILY

THE VICTIM OF PROPITIATION,

TO CLEAVE MORE CLOSELY TO GOD;

AND, WITH WATCHFUL

AND EVER-GROWING ZEAL,

TO LABOR

FOR THE ETERNAL SALVATION

OF THE SOULS OF MEN.

II

AGE . IAM

ENITERE . ENITERE . O . LEO

ARDVA . QVAEQVE . FIDENTER . MOLIRI

DVRA . FORTITER . PATI

NE . REFORMIDES

DEVEXA . IAM . AETATE . EMENSOQVE . PROPEMODVM

VITAE . CVRSV

REBVS . CADVCIS . ABDICATIS . CONTEMPTIS

ALTIORA . APPETENS . ANIMO

AD . CAELESTEM . PATRIAM

CONSTANTER . ADSPIRA.

II

FORWARD, THEN, LEO!

STRIVE, STRIVE

TO SURMOUNT WITH COURAGE

WHATSOEVER OBSTACLES;

TO ENDURE WITH PATIENCE

WHATSOEVER TRIALS;

FEAR NOT:

YOUR LIFE IS NEARLY ENDED,

YOUR RACE IS NEARLY RUN:

RENOUNCE AND SPURN

ALL THAT IS PERISHABLE;

ASPIRE TO THE HEIGHTS;

PRESS FORWARD

WITH CONSTANT LONGING

TOWARDS THY HEAVENLY

FATHERLAND.

NOTES

AD VINCENTIUM PAVANIUM (p. 2).

"Ever since the school-boy of Viterbo has become the teacher of the Christian world, European and American scholars have been able to admire and praise the classic taste and exquisite finish of the productions of his pen, in prose and verse. He gave early promise of uncommon literary distinction. Just as he had completed his twelfth year, a college festival was got up to welcome the Provincial of the Jesuits, Father Vincent Pavani. This gave to Vincent Pecci the first recorded opportunity of showing his proficiency in Latin verse, as well as his admiration for the character of the venerable man who honored the name of Vincent." (O'Reilly's *Life*, p. 55.)

"Il est intéressant de retrouver dans l' enfance des grands hommes les premiers germes des qualités qui se développeront dans le cours de leur vie. A ce titre, on peut citer une épigramme latine, faite, à l' époque dont nous parlons, par le jeune Pecci. . . . On y reconnaît déjà la pure et classique latinité qu' on admire dans tout ce qui sort de la plume du pontife régnant." (Mgr. de T'Serclaes: *Le Pape Leon XIII*, Vol. I, p. 35.) And Brunelli, in his monograph (*Vita letteraria di Leone XIII*), calls these distichs "quei primi suoi versi così ingegnosi ed eleganti."

DE INVALETUDINE SUA (p. 4).

The poem was written when the author was but twenty years of age. Over seventy years have passed since then—years, all of them, filled with the daily and hourly labors of a most active public career. Some hints as to the details of that life are given in the author's poem *Ad Josephum Fratrem*. But when we read the fuller narratives of Keller, O'Reilly, McCarthy, De T'Serclaes and other biographers, we can understand better the physical miracle of the Pope's life—that tremendous burden of work borne so adequately by an attenuated frame, which one writer has compared to a translucent vase of alabaster. I quote from O'Reilly: "Leo XIII is an early riser. His valet awakes him at a stated and early hour. The aged priest has

not changed the simple habits of a lifetime because he is Pope. He is soon dressed in his cassock of pure white, and spends a few moments in adoration at the altar of his private chapel. Then there is a half hour spent in meditation or mental prayer on some of the great Gospel truths or mysteries. This over, one of his chaplains recites with him Prime, Terce and Sext—the three first morning 'Hours' of the canonical office—and the Holy Father is ready for Mass. . . . At length the Mass is over, and the Pope and all present have heard a second Mass of thanksgiving. . . . They bring an arm-chair . . . and all present come once more in succession to kneel at his feet. . . . Family groups are introduced. . . . Quite near the little chapel is the Pope's breakfast-room. It is simple enough in all conscience. And what is the breakfast? A cup of black coffee with a small roll of bread. Nothing more. And now the breakfast is ended and the Pope withdraws to his private study, where his enormous correspondence and his secretaries are waiting for him. Every day in the week and every hour in each day has its own appointed labor. The congregations or standing committees of cardinals, among whom are divided all the matters connected with the vast administration of a Church numbering 200,000,000, report regularly to the Holy Father. Some of them have the Pope for president, and hold their sittings in his presence. . . . Innumerable congregations and commissions besides have their special work to do, and to report regularly. . . . His memory and his all-grasping intellect seem to be equal to the most astounding labor. . . . And then there is the Cardinal Secretary of State and the terribly difficult and incredibly delicate work of dealing with the foreign governments. Look over the entire political and diplomatic field, and think of the hard and long battles the Holy See has to fight, not only with non-Catholic courts, but with those that we call Catholic. All this is a matter of daily, sometimes of hourly, concern and labor for the Holy Father. He has to receive ambassadors, archbishops, bishops, pilgrims, deputations, addresses from the numerous Catholic unions and committees, and from Catholic congresses. You look at the Pontiff's own face and form, and wonder how the lamp of life is fed or does not go out in such a frail vessel. . . . The Breviary Office is recited with one of his chaplains. The utter weariness begotten by the terrible round of official duties is lightened or dispelled by the pleasure the Pope finds in prayer, in the recitation of the inspired Psalms of 'the sweet Singer of Israel,' in the lessons of Holy

Scripture and the brief record of the life of the saint of the day. After examination of conscience and night prayers, the aged Pope is supposed to retire and to rest. . . . But does he never break in upon his rest? Too frequently, they say. His magnificent encyclicals, his consistorial allocutions, his addresses to pilgrims, deputations and societies, his most important bulls or constitutions, like those on the restoration of the Scotch hierarchy, . . . are written or corrected or finished in the quiet of the night." (Chap. XXXIV.)

What a marvellous commentary on the poem *De Invaletudine Sua!* Since it was written, its august Author has rounded out more years than the patriarchal three-score-and-ten. By what is little short of a physical miracle, the gloomy forecast has been dissipated thoroughly by a glorious fact.

ROGERIUS A. C. EFFRONTEM MULIEREM DEPELLIT (p. 6).

The epigram was written while Joachim Pecci was residing at the Muti palace with his uncle Antonio Pecci, and pursuing a course as a day-scholar at the Roman College. The verses put on the lips of the pseudonymous Ruggero are the only ones quoted by De T'Serclaes (Vol. I., p. 43). They illustrate "how chaste and how ardent was the muse of the Carpinetan," and how it recalls the holy anger of Thomas Aquinas "chassant loin de lui, un tison enflammé à la main, la malheureuse qui venait tenter son innocence." Of this period of his life the biographer remarks: "Sa vie était retirée et solitaire comme celle d'un moine.....Et cependant cet austère étudiant était un poète de race. Ses vers coulaient de source avec une verve sans pareille. Ajoutons que c'étaient des vers latins."

ARTIGIANO (p. 12).

In placing the little shrine of Janus on the Tarpeian or Capitoline hill (*sul Tarpeio, apud Capitolium seu Tarpeum montem*) the author of the Charade (written, says Prof. Brunelli, in 1834) has for companion no less an authority than Mommsen, who in 1844 published in the *Annali dell' Instituto* an essay *De Comitio Romano,* in which he maintains that the temple of Janus was on the Tarpeian hill (*in ipso monte*), and endeavors to support his thesis by quotations from Tacitus, Festus, Ovid, Martial, and Servius. Perhaps these are the *aliqui scriptores* referred to in the foot-note to the Charade. But Dyer, in his excellent article on Rome (Smith's *Dict. of Gr. and*

Rom. Geog.), shows clearly how far Mommsen erred in his interpretation. The sacellum of Janus probably lay between the Forum Romanum and the Forum Julii. The English translation follows, of course, the erroneous implication, or rather statement, of the Italian original; and the correction has been relegated to this place.

The Charade also assumes that in the three arcades or *Jani* referred to by Horace, statues of the god had been set up. The English translation of the Charade follows the implication of the Italian original, although the more recent view refers the *Janus summus*, *medius* and *imus* to three arches near the Forum. The Charade would lead one to infer that the "più simulacri" was based on Forcellini, who is given as an authority in the foot-note. Forcellini, however, considers Janus to be the name of a street, so called either because of a temple or image of the god, or of three arcades it possessed (*tribus Janis perviis*). He then continues: Prima hujus vici pars, ubi pecunia fenori dabatur, *summus Janus*, ultima *imus*, media *medius Janus* vocabatur. And he adduces the illustrations from Horace in support of this interpretation.

CANESTRO (p. 16).

The charade is addressed to Silvia. In the opening words of Shakespeare's Song ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV., sc. II), we may ask:

> Who is Silvia? what is she,
> That all our swains commend her?

That Shakespeare's Silvia is meant might readily be inferred from the similarity of the praises awarded her by the Charade:

> O delle donne italiche,
> Silvia, decoro e vanto,

which accord well with the third stanza of Shakespeare's Song:

> Then to Silvia let us sing,
> That Silvia is excelling:
> She excels each mortal thing
> Upon the dull earth dwelling;
> To her let us garlands bring.

As the "anglo vate" has offered garlands to her, the young author will modestly tender but "un fiorellin poetico" culled in his little garden.

Or does Silvia symbolize Florence? The first four lines of the Charade seem to be but an Italian translation of Rogers ("Italy," I, xx):

> Of all the fairest cities of the earth
> None are so fair as Florence.

Or, lastly, does she typify Rome? Silvia, the mother of Romulus in the old myth, might very well be chosen as Rome personified. And the preëminence of Rome would make the declaration that she is the "decore e vanto" of all Italia's queenly cities nothing more than a literal statement of a historical fact; for what Shakespeare sings of his Silvia may be said as well of Rome:

> Holy, fair and wise is she,
> The heaven such grace did lend her,
> That she might admired be.

Is, then, the "anglo vate" Shakespeare? or is it, perchance, Byron that is referred to? From the preceding Charade on "Artigiano," wherein Silvia is addressed in similar fashion, a reader might well conclude that Silvia is Rome, and from the present Charade on "Can-estro," that the English bard is Byron.

A MONSIGNOR ORFEI (p. 22).

Many biographers of the Pope tell us of the really romantic contests waged by the young man of twenty-seven who, as Delegate Apostolic in Benevento, found himself confronted with a well-entrenched brigandage. But despite a severe sickness from which he suffered at the outset of his official life there, and despite the harassing cares besetting a reformer in civil life, he seems to have retained a fine sense of the ludicrous. This sense of humor is, in the opinion of Father Faber, a saving grace. We find it charmingly displayed in this poem (written first in Italian and subsequently translated by its author into Latin elegiacs). It is dedicated to Mons. Orfei, the author's predecessor in office, who had assigned a part of the Apostolic palace, called the *Castello*, to the President of the Court, a certain *avvocato* recently arrived from Loretto. The lawyer's name was Palomba, which is good Italian for "ring-dove" or "wood-pigeon." He came with his wife and children to take up his residence in a house whose demure quiet had been broken only by the lyric accomplishments of Mons. Orfei. We can easily fancy the jarring of nerves consequent on such an invasion by noisy chil-

dren and, perhaps, crying babies. At all events, the antithesis furnished by two such names as *Orfei* and *Palomba* was too good to escape appropriate recognition.

The similarity of the thought of the first stanza to that of Dryden's Ode has led the present translator to borrow one line from the English bard: "Sequacious of the lyre." He has not felt called upon in this and similar instances of appropriation (*e. g.*, the Macbethian "way to dusty death" in *De Invaletudine Sua*, and the Scriptural "poison of asps is under their tongue" in *Rogerius A. C. Effrontem Mulierem Depellit*, etc.), to credit the stolen phrases to their several obvious sources.

IN MAEVIUM (p. 28).

The poem "In Maevium" is a pretty piece of writing, and not without an obvious humor—although the allusion is not clear. Was this modern Maevius a wretched poet like him of old on whose luckless head Horace, throughout his tenth Epode, calls down a choice collection of maledictions? and whom Virgil scores in his Third Eclogue:

> Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Maevi;
> Atque idem iungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.

Or was he merely an eccentric "sharper" with "method in his madness?" However it be, the poem is full of life and movement, the portraiture is vivid, and the whisper of the bystander —"Callidior vulpes pol! Maevius"—is refreshingly true to nature. The full title of the poem is: "In Maevium, Virum Callidum et Abnormem."

IN SERAPHINUM PARADISIUM (p. 36).

Whilst Archbishop of Perugia, Cardinal Pecci was wont to have recourse to verse, both as a solace amidst the cares of his office and as a means of testifying to his affectionate remembrance of certain excellent priests who had toiled faithfully and gone to their reward. The verses in honor of one Serafino Paradisi, parish-priest of S. Elena, in playing delicately on the words of his name, make use of what is ordinarily a dangerous experiment; for where such word-play happens to escape banality, it meets the danger either of unpleasant criticism or of uncritical flattery. Happily, the Bishop's poem is free from all these complications; for a note appended to it

assures us that it has chosen for praise a man who was "integer vitae et carus ubique modestia sua."

ARS PHOTOGRAPHICA (p. 44).

Cardinal Pecci, while Archbishop of Perugia, found some slight leisure in the midst of the many grave perplexities and laborious undertakings of that period of his life, to cultivate the muse with his old ardor. The only poem cited by De T'Serclaes (I., p. 151) is the *Ars Photographica*, which certainly deserves the comment: "Citons de lui quel ques vers charmants, qui traitent à la vérité un sujet profane, mais avec quel charme! la difficulté était d'autant plus grande qu'il s'agissait de célébrer en latin une chose essentiellement moderne: la photographie."

IN GALLUM (p. 46).

Doubtless Virgil's Tenth Eclogue suggested the name to the Bishop:

. . . . sollicitos Galli dicamus amores (l. 6).

But Virgil condoles with his Gallus, while the Bishop condemns *his* Gallus. And although the opening line of the poem commences with the same words (*Galle, quid insanis*) as the 22nd line of the Eclogue, the "insanity" assumes different complexions in the two cases. A further correspondence of the two poems is found in the words:

Ecquis erit modus,

which commence the 28th line of the Ecl. and the 9th line of the Bishop's poem.

AD JOSEPHUM FRATREM (p. 64).

I.

Quam felix flore in primo, quam laeta Lepinis
Orta jugis, patrio sub lare, vita fuit!

"Our Carpineto.....is a populous little town of five thousand inhabitants, situated in a cleft of the Monti Lepini, a portion of the Volscian range nearest to Velletri. It is an eagle's nest, placed for security high above the plain, between two gigantic rocks. (Such was the picturesque expression used by the venerable Cardinal Joseph Pecci in describing to the author the mountain-home of his family)."—O'Reilly's *Life*.

The Lepini mountains were recently (Aug. 29, 1901) the subject of a triple embassage:

"The cross of the Solemn Homage on the Leo XIII. peak of Mount Capreo at Carpineto has been inaugurated with great pomp. The ceremony over, at half-past 8 on August 29 carrier pigeons were despatched to the Vatican. The first reached the dovecot in the Papal gardens at ten minutes past 10, bearing the greeting:

Victrix nunc Christi Capreo Crux fulget ob alto:
En tibi, Magne Leo, nuncia grata fero.
E. Santesarte.

The signature was that of the parish priest.
At half-past 10 a second pigeon arrived with:

Praepetibus pennis agros emensa latinos
Nuntia sisto: Crucis stant monumenta Leo.

At a quarter to 11 a third arrived with:

Te vexilla Crucis Capreo de monte salutant;
Te, Leo, nunc plausu, saxa lepina sonant."

Doubtless the three distichs were suggested as an appropriate metrical form by this poem *De Se Ipso*. They might be rendered into English as follows:

The Cross of Christ shines forth from Capreo's mount:
And I, great Leo, bear the glad account.

With pinion swift I clove the Latin sky
To bear the news: The Cross is raised on high!

Leo, behold the Cross of victory,
While the Lepini echo praise to thee!

It was a happy thought to raise on the native hills of Leo the standard of Him to whom Leo, in his majestic *Carmen Saeculare*, had dedicated the New Century.

II.

Altrix te puerum Vetulonia suscipit ulnis,
Atque in Loyolae excolit aede pium.

The young Pecci remained six years (1818–1824) at Viterbo. Here it was that he wrote, in his twelfth year, the two distichs in honor of the Provincial of the Jesuits—his earliest recorded poem. Here it was, too, that a "very serious sickness, which he had during

the college sessions of 1821, impaired not a little the robust health nourished in the bracing air of his native Volscian hills. . . . He never afterward enjoyed the physical vigor of his early boyhood." (O'Reilly.)

III.

The next eight distichs may be considered under one paragraph. "When, in 1825, the Roman College solemnly inaugurated its courses of ecclesiastical and secular teaching, its halls were at once filled by fourteen hundred students. Among these was Vincent Pecci. . . . More remarkable still was his success in Latin verse. The rule for all who contended here for the prize of excellence was that they should, within the space of six hours, and without any external aid whatever, write a certain number of Latin hexameters on a specified subject. This subject happened to be the Feast of Belshazzar. Young Pecci [then 15 years old] produced one hundred and twenty verses of such unquestionable excellence that the prize was unanimously awarded to him by the judges. This, however, was not his only success: to him were also awarded the first honors in Greek." (O'Reilly.) In 1830, he was matriculated among the Divinity students of the Gregorian University, his Alma Mater. Father Manera, mentioned so lovingly in the poem, was Prefect of Studies, and had founded an Academia for the theological students. "To give this academy a firm standing in the public opinion of the university, two solemn disputations were held in the university hall. . . . The person chosen on both occasions to expose the doctrines of Revelation and to detect and refute all possible objections was Pecci." After his course in the university, he studied law and diplomacy at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. Cardinal Sala, who is referred to with such great affection in the poem, was a venerable man "who had been associated with Cardinal Caprara in the disastrous legation to Paris in 1808, and whose soul had been tried, like that of Pius VII himself, by the six terrible years that followed." He had "conceived a warm attachment for Pecci. In their intercourse the young and inexperienced churchman learned, from one who had been thrice purified in the furnace, many lessons which were soon to be of priceless service to himself in governing men and dealing with governments." (O'Reilly).

But here the limitations of space give warning that the remaining lines of the poem may not be illustrated even in the sketchy way of

the preceding paragraph. Anything approaching an adequate commentary would constitute little short of a volume of biography. While we may not venture on such an undertaking, the poem surely invites to a closer and fuller knowledge of the Pope's life and wonderfully fruitful activity. That life does not lack romantic as well as instructive details. In illustration, we quote from the *Life of Leo the Thirteenth*, edited by John Oldcastle (Wilfred Meynell). The incident quoted may serve as a part of the abundant commentary on the lines of the poem:

> Dulcis Parthenope, Beneventum dein tenet, aeque
> Ut lege Hirpinos imperioque regas.

"The first public post assigned to Monsignor Pecci by Gregory XVI. was the governorship of the Province of Benevento. Brigandage was rife in the district, with other disorders—the result in part of the French invasion and of the long imprisonment of the Sovereign Pontiff. Class was divided against class. The tillers of the soil, subject to cruel exactions, were yet unable to form combinations for their mutual protection and support. Such was the account of things sent by agents of the peasantry to the Pope King—an account which was of course impugned by the nobles, who retorted by vaguely but vehemently charging the people with laziness and a love of impracticable politics. The Delegate began his work of pacification in his own way. 'He went amongst the peasantry,' says a careful writer (O'Byrne's *Lives of the Cardinals*, in *The Oscotian*); he visited them in their homes; he questioned and cross-questioned them about their affairs, and all this with such gentleness of manner and such deep sympathy for their hard lot, that they took courage; whereas, before, they had been full of fears . . . [now] they boldly told the history of their sufferings and wrongs. The nobles and officials next came under the Delegate's notice, their accounts were overhauled and their administration subjected to a searching examination. They were compelled to meet every precise charge that any of the peasantry chose to make against them. The accuser and the accused were brought face to face and their evidence taken by the Delegate in person. . . . he was too alert to be hoodwinked and too firm to be terrified. In a short time it became easy to see in what direction the judgment and sympathies of the Delegate were tending. The officials and nobles began to grow alarmed. Recourse was had to intrigue. An impeachment was carried to

Rome of the Delegate's manner of procedure . . . But Pope Gregory refused to move or to interfere in any way. He had deliberately and with open eyes chosen his man and was determined to trust him . . . Consequently the Delegate was left with a free hand to work out the problem in his own way.' A number of stories, more or less to the point, are told to illustrate the energy and the impartiality with which he carried out his operations against the brigands, who seem to have terrorized the population and to have secured for themselves friends in high places. A certain noble, on whose movements invidious watch had been kept, came one day to the Delegate in a fit of injured innocence, threatening to go to Rome to bring his complaints before a higher tribunal:

'Have you given the matter enough thought?' asked the Delegate quietly.

'Certainly,' said the Marquis.

'I don't agree with you,' replied Monsignor. 'In these matters one cannot reflect too much, and you will therefore favor me by remaining here as my prisoner.'

That night the noble's castle was surrounded, and twenty-eight brigands who enjoyed its protection were either slain or secured."

All of the above illustrates prettily the rather dry statement of the poem:

"Benevento sees
Thy Hirpine rule observe all equities!"

AD IEREMIAM BRUNELLI RHETOREM (p. 70).

Geromia Brunelli was professor of Literature in the seminary of Perugia when Cardinal Pecci was Archbishop of that city. Ecclesiastical seminaries have a curriculum usually of ten years, and are divided into two institutions—the Preparatory or "little" and the Higher or "great" seminary. In Italy, however, the comparatively small dioceses do not permit of such a division; as Mgr. de T'Serclaes remarks (Vol. I., p. 150), they are usually under the necessity "de concentrer dans un seul établissement le cours complet des études littéraires, philosophiques et théologiques. Cette res marque était nécessaire pour faire comprendre le joli trait que nous allons rapporter d' après l' abbé Jérémie Brunelli, professeur de belles-lettres au séminaire de Pérouse, qui y joua le rôle qu' on va voir." The anecdote referred to, which is of sufficient interest to justify quotation in this connection, is told by Brunelli himself in

his edition of the *Carmina* translated into Italian, and issued in 1883 (*Prolusione*, pp. 77–8): "It happened one day (what the reason was I recall not) that I was late in getting to my class of literature. Knowing that I might chance to meet the Cardinal, who was watchful over the silence and order of the place, in the corridors of the seminary, I reached the door of my class-room with some haste and anxiety, as you may well imagine. What was my surprise, on entering the room with great briskness and assurance, to see the Cardinal, whose presence I did not suspect, seated in my chair and translating to my delighted pupils a passage of Cicero's *Oratio pro Milone*, and expounding with the greatest elegance and taste the beauties hidden in the tongue of the Roman orator. You can imagine, gentlemen, my bewilderment. Collecting my wits, I sat down on the benches with my pupils, and begged the Cardinal to continue the lesson he had begun. But leaving the chair, he courteously invited me to ascend, and commended to me the advancement of my pupils in literary studies. At the same time I was able to recognize, in his always dignified smile, a gentle and quiet rebuke." This graceful anecdote discovers (as our French biographer remarks) in the austere prelate, the man of letters and taste, and the enthusiastic lover of whatever adorns humanity.

Brunelli is the author of the *Vita Letteraria di Leone XIII.* (40 pp.), which serves as a preface to the latest edition of the *Carmina et Inscriptiones* (Udine, 1893).

HYMNUS IN S. HERCULANUM (p. 76.)

The hymn has been very highly praised by several competent critics. Taking as its subject a Patron of Perugia, a martyred Bishop of the early ages of Christianity, it appealed with special force to the interest and admiration of Cardinal Pecci's diocese. Perhaps its greatest admirer was Bishop Rotelli, to whom one of the longer poems in this collection (p. 52) is dedicated. From his appreciative criticism (written in 1881) we learn that he considers the three poems in honor of St. Herculanus and St. Constantius ("miei santi vescovi e martiri perugini") "three magnificent poems, truly worthy of the dignity of the Pope." He "read and re-read them, analyzed them, elaborated them into prose, subjected them to a hundred searching tests," and found them so untouched by the severest criticism as to lead him to the conclusion that their author was "veramente un innografo sommo." They recall the golden age of

Leo X., and will brook comparison, he thinks, with but two hymns of that age, those by Sannazzaro in honor of St. Gaudiosus and St. Nazarius. He quotes for special comment the stanza:

Furens Getharum ab algidis
Devectus oris Totila
Turres Perusi et moenia
Hoste obsidebat barbaro,

comparing the admirable portraiture ("pennelleggiato a meraviglia") of Totila with that of Herculanus, framed in these rapid and energetic iambics:

Ardens et ore: "pro fide
Pugnate avita, filii:
Dux ipse vester: Numini
Servate templa et patriam.

He quotes with approbation the penultimate stanza:

Laetare Etrusca civitas
Tanta refulgens gloria:
Attolle centum gestiens
Caput decorum turribus!

In a brief but admirably written estimate of the Pope's muse, Father Valle, S. J., spends not a little effort in analyzing the three poems. We give in full his treatment of this hymn: "Hymnus s. Herculani est natura historicus, vehemens, mira varietate contextus, sive cum ob oculos ponit furores crudelissimi Totilae obsidentis Perusiam, terroremque popularium ab imminenti urbis excidio; sive cum Herculanum describit animo impavidum, et ruentes in arma cives, quos ad patriae tutelam Herculani vox excitaverit. Hinc diversi animorum motus; quorum alii anxia quadem trepidatione lectorem comprimunt, alii erigunt spe optatissimi exitus, qui egregiam civium audaciam et constantiam secundet. Nisi quod tristi eventu subit hinc Perusiae casus, quam non hostium virtus prostravit sed dolus, hinc Herculani caedes, qui pro salute suorum barbari regis acinaci praecidendam cervicem obtulit. At vero ab hoc lugubri ac miserando rerum adspectu raptim (ut lyricorum mos est) animum extollit vates, oculosque in Herculanum intendit iam sempiterni aevi beatitate potitum; quos inde ad Perusiam declinat, caelitus beati novensilis patrocinium illi gratulatur, hortaturque ne ab invictae fidei documentis, quae Herculanus praebuit, degeneret."

S. CONSTANTIUS—HYMNUS I (p. 84).

Bishop Rotelli comments on the fourth stanza as follows: "*Hyems rigescit:* i monti (il Subasio e le lontane montagne di Leonessa all' oriente di Perugia, gli appenini di Gubbio a tramontana) sono coperti di neve; *asperis Montes pruinis albicant:* il sole stesso viene scientificamente descritto nella sua posizione zodiacale; *Solisque crines frigido—Irrorat imbre aquarius:* coi quale due elegantissimi versi il Poeta evidentemente ha voluto render latino l'ardito concetto dell' Alighieri, la dove dice:

Che 'l sole i crin l' Aquario tempra."

They are indeed "elegantissimi versi," whether borrowed from Dante or of universal appropriation:

Solisque crines frigido
Irrorat imbre Aquarius.

In translating them, we have borrowed the equally elegant phrase ("the bright-haired sun") of Collins' *Ode to Evening.*

This hymn differs from the following one on the same theme (as well as from that on St. Herculanus), in that it is not historical in its treatment. It is a song of triumph, an *Io triumphe.* Father Valle thinks it should be rightly called "sacri epinicii exemplar absolutissimum." And he continues: "Simplex porro est huius hymni processus; festiva laetitiae pompaeque descriptio, quam in honorem caelestis Patroni incolae decunt; florens denique imaginum species; atque hae (ut eminentia ex umbris in pictura) pulcrius renident ex tristi hyemis tempestate, quae graphice exprimitur hac strophe: *Hyems rigescit, asperis* . . . Huius hymni lectione animus dulci quodem pietatis castaeque voluptatis sensu perfunditur; quem sensum Auctor versiculis ipsis adeo feliciter affavit, ut quantum prioribus hymnis per maiestatem carminis grandia exaequat, tantum hoc altero modestioribus argumentis perpoliendis se natum ostendat."

S. CONSTANTIUS—HYMNUS II (p. 88).

The second poem in honor of the Saint condenses into a few Sapphic stanzas the details of his sufferings and martyrdom. The sequence of the short narrative would easily lead one to infer that his trial was undergone at one place and time. The brief introduction in prose, however, indicates the variety both in time and in place. The 8th and 10th stanzas offer great difficulty in interpreta-

tion. They seem to declare that he was executed in prison, and that Levianus, hiding in the shadow of its walls, awaited a favorable opportunity to take the body away.

The Bollandists (*Acta Sanct.*, Jan., T. II.) have three lives of the Saint. All of these give the highway as the place of his martyrdom, which resulted not from any legal process, but from the superstitious fears of the soldiery who were conducting him to Spoleto. He had been seized thrice, and now being led from prison in Assisi, passed with his guard through Spello (Hispellum). This town lies distant about three miles from Foligno. Somewhere between the two places he was martyred. Here one of the soldiers said: "Ne iste magus quem trahimus suis nos artibus interficiat interimatur . . . Illico vibrato gladio abstulerunt caput eius; corpore vero dimisso in tramite qui dicitur Fulgineato" (*op. cit.*, p. 930). Another *Vita* has this: "Venerunt itaque in trivio Fulgineato, non longe a civitate ipsa . . . et decollaverunt eum, et dereliquerunt corpus eius in ipso loco" (p. 928). A foot-note remarks: "Describit hunc locum Ludovicus Iacobillius de S. Fulginatibus pag. 345; traditque agrum vicinum vocari etiamnum la Contrada di S. Constanzo)." The third *Vita* has: "Cum igitur ad trivium quoddam Fulgineatum quod vocant, non procul ab ipsa urbe Fulginea positum, noctu pervenissent . . . strictis gladiis in hominis iugulum invadunt" (p. 935). All of these accounts seem to imply not a prison but a highway.

But the stanzas offer another difficulty. What is the meaning of *luce pallenti?* Is it the twilight of the dying, or of the beginning day? Brunelli, one of the first translators, does not specify:

> Giace nel sangue esanime tua spoglia;
> Ma vigilando Levian pietoso,
> Dell oscuro tuo carcere la soglia
> Di varcar oso,
>
> Per la queta raccoglie ombra notturna
> La membra sparte.

The "queta ombra notturna" would serve either hypothesis, and can scarce be accounted a rendering of *luce pallenti.* But all the "Lives" speak of Levianus as having been warned in sleep by an angel. The twilight is therefore that of the dawning day. Bishop Rotelli, in his estimate of the poem, understands the wan light of the prison itself: "la pallida e incerta luce del carcere nel quale entra il coraggioso Leviano—*Luce pallenti vigilans ad umbram.*"

Part of the Bishop's estimate may be quoted with interest: "La lingua è purissima: lo stile è vibrato; espressivo l'epiteto, incisiva la frase, il verso spontaneo."

AD SANCTUM FELICIANUM (p. 97).

The poem appeared originally in the *Paese*, a journal of Perugia, and had 13 stanzas, the last two being as follows:

Hinc sidus O tu finibus Umbriae
Affulge amicum! Fulginiam, pia
In vota te patrem vocantem
Usque suum, bonus O tuere!

Intaminatâ et sacrâ ab avis fide
Tu nostra clemens pectora robora,
Quae nulla vis insanientis
Temporis, insidiaeve frangant.

In English:

Shine forth from out thy heaven afar,
O'er Umbria's fields, O friendly Star;
Foligno craves thy glory bright—
Shine forth, O Beacon-light!

Strengthen the stainless faith we hold
From our ancestral saints of old:
Nor frenzy wild, nor subtle snare,
Its pristine strength impair!

The two stanzas were subsequently condensed into the one which appears in our text. A French journal reproduced the poem with the comment that it is "une très belle poésie que S. S. Léon XIII. a composée à l'occasion de la solennité de S. Félicien, évêque de Foligno, dont la fête vient d'être célébrée le 24 janvier. Nous sommes heureux de la reproduire, car, en même temps que l'expression de la plus haute piété, il s'en dégage un parfum classique qui sera, sans doute, un vrai régal pour les connaisseurs."

IN SACRAM FAMILIAM (p. 104).

In 1893 the Holy See established a special Feast (the 3rd Sunday after Epiphany) in honor of the Holy Family, the three hymns of the Breviary Office being contributed by Leo XIII. "Les hymnes d'une haute et chrétienne poésie qui figurent dans l'office de cette solennité, sont l'oeuvre de Sa Sainteté elle-même" (De T'Serclaes, Vol. II., p. 548).

The mind of the church in the institution of such a feast is well

illustrated both by the moral contained in each of these hymns, and by the words of Leo XIII. when establishing a Pious Association in honor of the Holy Family. The special devotion is meant to meet a special need: "Every one is aware," says the Holy Father in his Apostolic Letter, "that the prosperity and happiness of public and private life depends most largely on the home. For the deeper the roots of virtue strike into that soil, and the more alert parents are, by word and deed, to inform the souls of the young with the precepts of religion, the more plentiful are the fruits resulting to the good of society in general. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not merely that domestic society should be constituted holily, but as well that it should be governed by holy rules; and that a religious spirit and a Christian life should be diligently and constantly nourished in it. Therefore it was that the merciful God, when He had decreed to perfect the work of Redemption which the ages had so long awaited, so ordered the work that its first beginnings should exhibit an august model of a Family divinely constituted, in which all men might see an exemplar of every virtue and holiness. Such a Family was that at Nazareth, in which the Sun of Justice, ere He should shine with full radiance on all the nations, was first hidden; and this Family comprised Christ, the Lord God, together with His Virgin Mother, and her most holy spouse Joseph, who was to be the foster-father of Jesus . . . And so all fathers may see in Joseph a splendid norm of parental watchfulness and care; mothers may perceive in the most holy Mother of God an admirable illustration of love, modesty, obedience and perfect faithfulness; and children have in Jesus, Who 'was subject to them,' a divine model of obedience which they should admire, worship, and imitate." These lessons of domestic government are but an elaboration of the words of St. Paul (in his Epistle to the Colossians) which form a part of the "second Lesson" of the Office for this Feast: "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as it behooveth, in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not harsh towards them. Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord."

These are the thoughts and principles inculcated by the Holy Father in the hymns. We can not pass by without special notice the beautiful moral contained in one of the last stanzas of the hymn for Matins:

O Blessed Three! who felt the sting
Of want and toil and suffering,
Pity the needy and obscure
Lot of the poor.

In his Apostolic Letter, the Pope calls attention to the unrest of the workingmen of to-day. In an Encyclical dealing with this matter, he has shown his deep sympathy with their cause; but when, or in whatever degree, an enlightened agitation fails of its purpose, he reminds them of the heavenly sanction given especially to their toils and needs: "If workingmen," he says in his letter from which I have been quoting, "and all those who, especially in our times, feel grievously afflicted at their humble condition and the straitened circumstances of those dependent on them, will but glance at the members of the Holy Family, there will not be wanting reasons why they should rather rejoice than be grieved at their lot. They share with that sacred Family in toil and in the cares of daily life; Joseph was bound to provide for its subsistence from the wages of his labor; nay, even the hands of the God-Man were exercised in a workshop."

This is the lesson of contentment to be derived from a contemplation of the House of Nazareth. But another lesson may be found equally suitable for those who are blessed by fortune. The Holy Father prays the sacred Three to

Banish the "pride of life" from all
Whom ampler wealth and joys befall.

And this is but a poetical version of his own words in the Letter: "Qui nobiles nati sunt, discent a Familia regii sanguinis quomodo et in edita fortuna se temperent, et in afflicta retineant dignitatem: qui dites noscent ab ea quantum sint virtutibus posthabendae divitiae." The noble are reminded of the royal blood of that lowly Household; and the wealthy, that virtue is to be preferred to riches. Thus this devotion to the Holy Family includes in its scope the extremest stations of life—poverty and lowliness, wealth and nobility. These lessons are sorely needed in our times; and the hymns, like the Feast whose office they serve to adorn, while they are indeed exquisite in their Christian thought and classic phrase, possess even a higher value as prayers than as poems.

TWO FOUNTAINS (p. 142).

While many a Pope has been literally a "Pontifex Maximus," the long line of the Papacy has splendidly preserved the architec-

tural and engineering tastes of the older Empire of the Romans. Leo XIII. manifested throughout his whole life a similar activity, which might well have been construed into a prophetic admonition of his future incumbency of the Chair of Peter. Apropos of these two poems, I extract from Mgr. T'Serclaes' "*Le Pape Léon XIII.*" (Vol. I, p. 17), an interesting account of his benefactions to his natal town of Carpineto:

"Jadis Carpineto souffrait d'une disette d'eau presque habituelle. Aujourd'hui, cette calamité n'est plus à craindre. Déjà étant évêque de Pérouse, Joachim Pecci avait essayé de fournir l'eau a son pays natal en faisant capter une source voisine, qui malheureusement se tarit bientôt. Devenu pape, Léon XIII. recommença l'entreprise sur nouveaux frais. L'ingénieur Olivieri fut chargé de ce travail. Il amena à Carpineto les eaux de source du mont Carpino, situé au sud-est du bourg à une distance de cinq kilomètres. La montagne, composée de roche calcaire fort dure, fut entamée au moyen de la dynamite. On y creusa deux galeries, l'une de 400, l'autre de 90 mètres. Les travaux mirent au jour une caverne longue de 100 mètres où l'on découvrit une nouvelle source. Les eaux de celle-ci et des sources connues antérieurement furent emmagasinées dans cinq grands réservoirs, échelonnés l'un au-dessous de l'autre et capables de contenir environ 7,000 mètres cubes d'eau. Une disposition ingénieuse permet de régler le débit de l'eau suivant sa plus ou moins grande abondance, si bien que, même pendant les trois mois de grande sécheresse, chaque famille de Carpineto peut compter sur une consommation journalière de cent onze litres, sans compter tout ce qui est utilisé pour les usages agricoles. Deux gracieuses fontaines, l'une sur la place publique de Carpineto devant l'église collégiale, l'autre devant le palais Pecci, versent avec abondance leur eau saine et limpide aux habitans du pays. Elles dont décorées d'inscriptions latines composées par le Souverain-Pontife. Voici celle qu'on lit sur la fontaine de la place publique:

"Fons ego, decurrens, nitidis argenteus undis
Quem cupide irriguum florea prata bibant.
At non prata bibent, cives, me florea; vestras
Gratius est largo spargere rore domos. —*Leo XIII.*"

For this long extract made apropos of a very brief poem, I must offer the same apology as that of the writer just quoted: "Nous nous sommes étendus sur ces travaux hydrauliques, réellement re-

marquables d'ailleurs, par ce qu'ils sont un immense bienfait de Léon XIII. envers ses compatriotes."

The second, and much longer poem:

Difficilem cursum, longosque emensa viarum
Tractus, Carpineis huc feror unda iugis . . .

appears to be an emendation and elaboration of a shorter, but very beautiful, poem on the same theme. It should prove interesting to give it here in its original form:

Fons Loquitur.

Leniter exiliens Pandulphi e colle superno,
Huc e nativis deferor unda iugis.

Nam qui romani Ioachimus Peccius ostri
Primus natale hoc auxit honore solum,

Per caecos terrae, plumbo ducente, meatus
Oblitam patriae me iubet ire viam.

Improvisa quidem, sed gratior advena vobis
Ultro, municipes, candida, inempta fluo.

Huc ergo, properate: adsum nam sacra saluti,
Munditiae, vitaeque usibus et *charisin*.

(*Translation.*)

The Fountain Speaks.

A gushing stream, forth of my olden yoke
On Pandulph's hill I broke;

For Pecci, who in Roman purple clad
His natal soil makes glad,

Hath led me hither, mindless of my birth,
Through darkest ways of earth.

More welcome am I, cits, as unforeseen,
Unpurchased, cool, and clean.

Come! I am dedicate to cleanly health,
To poverty, to wealth!

It may well be doubted if the pleasant simplicity and directness of this previous poem have not disappeared somewhat in the pomp and circumstance of its elaborated emendation. It is, we think, an exquisite idea exquisitely carried out. The technique is worthy of the inspiration. A foot-note attached to it (in the edition of the *Carmina* published in 1883) remarks: "Aquam saluberrimi haustus Carpinetum adducendam curavit an. MDCCCLXIV."

James Russell Lowell treated a similar theme in his "Ode Writ-

ten for the Celebration of the Introduction of the Cochituate Water into the City of Boston." In several stanzas the thought and expression run on parallel lines:

Per caecos terrae, plumbo ducente, meatus
Oblitam patriae me iubet ire viam

is not unlike Lowell's

My name is Water: I have sped
Through strange, dark ways, untried before;

while the last couplet:

Huc ergo properate: adsum nam sacra saluti,
Munditiae, vitaeque usibus et *charisin*,

is quite the same thought as Lowell's

For countless services I'm fit,
Of use, of pleasure, and of gain.

AD B. V. MARIAM PRECATIONES (p. 148).

The text followed for both of these poems is that of the Udine edition of 1893. In 1896 an edition *de luxe* of the Pope's (nine) poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin appeared from the press of Desclée, Lefèvre et Cie., Rome, with the title *Leonis XIII. In Mariam Virginem Flosculi.* The variations in the texts are here noted:

I.

Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte vomit (1893)
Horrida monstra furens evomit ex Erebo (1896).

Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum (1893)
Tu mihi virtutem suffice magnanimam (1896).

II.

Si mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus (1893)
Si mens sollicitis acta cupidinibus (1896).

Si natum aerumnis videris usque premi (1893)
Si natum aerumnis videris implicitum (1896).

Detruso stygii daemone ad ima lacus (1893)
Detruso in sedes daemone tartareas (1896).

Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege (1893)
Lumina conde pia molliter ipsa manu (1896).

As a sort of preface to his Encyclical (1892) on the Marian Rosary, Leo XIII. confesses to the tender devotion which, in his very

infancy, he had cherished towards the Blessed Virgin; and to the fact that, as years passed, he beheld more clearly the love and honor which are due to her "whom God was the first to love and to favor, yea, to love in such wise that she was the one whom, elevated above all the rest of creation and adorned with amplest gifts, He chose to be His Mother." His words are so beautiful in themselves, and serve so well to introduce his poems entitled *Flosculi* ("little flowers"), that space is made here for a brief quotation: "Magnae Dei Matris amorem et cultum quoties ex occasione liceat excitare in christiano populo et augere, toties Nos mirifica voluptate et laetitia perfundimur, tanquam de ea re quae non solum per se ipsa praestantissima est multisque modis frugifera, sed etiam cum intimo animi Nostri sensu suavissime concinit. Sancta nimirum erga Mariam pietas, semel ut paene cum lacte suximus, crescente aetate, succrevit alacris valuitque in animo firmius: eo namque illustrius menti apparebat quanto illa esset et amore et honore digna, quam Deus ipse amavit et dilexit primus, atque ita dilexit, ut unam ex universitate rerum sublimius evectam amplissimisque ornatam muneribus sibi adjunxerit matrem."

PARAPHRASES.

Throughout the *Paraphrases* the Pope plays on the word "Rosary," comparing the devotion now to a basket of flowers offered at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, now to a wreath of roses, a chaplet, a crown, etc., woven for the brow of the heavenly "Queen of the May." How the devotion came to be styled the "Rosary" is a matter of dispute amongst the learned. The *Catholic Dictionary* of Addis and Arnold remarks: "The original meaning is very doubtful. We think it most likely that the word was used in a mystical sense and meant Mary's rose-garden. (So the writer of the article *Rosenkranz* in Herzog, 'Encycl. für Protestant. Theol.')" Not an unlikely hypothesis, whose mystical significance might have been further illustrated by the title of "Rosa Mystica" in the Litany of Loretto, and the "Rose of Sharon" as a poetical appellation. The words with which Wisdom exalts herself are applied mystically to the Blessed Virgin: "I was exalted . . . as a rose-plant in Jericho" (Eccl. xxiv. 18). In somewhat similar fashion, attribution is made of the glory of Simon the high-priest (*ib.* 1. 8): "as the flower of roses (flos rosarum) in the days of spring," and the praise of the just (*ib.*, xxxix. 17): "as the rose planted by the brooks of waters."

In the *Paraphrases* the Rosary is also called "sertum," "rosea corolla." Anciently it was styled "Psalterium Marianum," in imitation of the 150 Psalms. Alanus Rupensis assigns five reasons why it should be called Psalterium rather than Rosarium, Corona, or Sertum. His second argument is: "Secundo, vocabula CORONA, ROSARIUM, SERTUM metaphorica sunt, ex similitudine dicta; psalterium vero a psallendis Deo laudibus nomen habens, proprie est oratio" (apud *Acta Sanct.*, Aug., T. I., p. 423, where an elaborate historical treatment of the devotion is given, pp. 422–437).

The first line of the fourth Paraphrase mentions the name of Gusman, *i. e.*, St. Dominic, who, about the year 1208, is said to have introduced the Rosary in its present form. He was born, in 1170, at Callaruega (Calahorra, in Old Castile), of the powerful house of Gusman.

In the following poem, "Adiutrici Christianorum," he is referred to:

Adfuit at Virgo: meritis, pietate verendum
Finibus hispanis advocat ipsa Virum.

ADIUTRICI CHRISTIANORUM—ELEGIA.

The title "Help of Christians" (Auxilium Christianorum) was inserted in the Litany of Loretto by St. Pius V., after the marvelous victory of Lepanto. In his devotional and historical treatment of this Title, Barthe (*Litanies*, etc., pp. 185–7) gives a number of illustrations of the heavenly protection afforded by the Blessed Virgin. Amongst them he cites that of Pius VII. over Napoleon, a moral victory which is commemorated by a special Feast ordered by that Pontiff to be celebrated on the 24th of May (the day of his entry into Rome), in honor of the *Auxilium Christianorum*.

Leo XIII. cites in his poem two illustrious instances of the help of the Blessed Virgin, namely, the labors of St. Dominic in spreading the devotion of the Rosary among the Albigenses, and the splendid victory of the Christian fleet over the Turks near the Echinades islands. Lines 5–18 celebrate the former; lines 19–54 the latter.

Besides the vindication of St. Dominic made by Lacordaire, a very excellent biography by Archbishop Alemany tells with great clearness and moderation the part taken by him in the matter of the Albigenses. This is not, however, the place to enter upon hotly disputed matters; and the allusion to St. Dominic suggests merely

an interesting quotation illustrative of the poem: "There remains yet one more particular to be mentioned about the Albigenses . . . that the beautiful devotion of the Rosary began at this time, and owes its origin to this very heresy. The Rosary is, as you know, in an especial manner, a devotion in honor of our Lord's Incarnation; and I have already told you that the Albigenses denied this doctrine. They believed that our bodies and all matter were evil; they could not believe, therefore, that the Son of an all-good and all-holy God had taken upon himself a material body of flesh and blood like unto ours. They chose rather to say that He had taken only the semblance, or appearance, of a human body; so that He had not really been born of the Blessed Virgin Mary, nor really died upon the Cross, nor really risen from the dead, nor really ascended into heaven. When, therefore, the holy St. Dominic came to labor among these miserable heretics, and wished both to reclaim those who had been already deceived, and to confirm in the true faith those souls that had not yet been corrupted, he instituted this form of prayer, in which the whole history of our Lord's life, passion, and resurrection, is brought before our minds, to be thought about and meditated upon in prayer by means of what are called the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries. I do not mean to say but that the practices of frequently reciting Our Father and the Hail Mary, and of counting the number of prayers by means of stones, beads, or other such marks, were far more ancient than the days of St. Dominic; but the union of these two practices in that particular form which we still use, and which we call the Rosary, was certainly first made by him, and for the purpose we have mentioned, viz., deeply to impress upon the minds and hearts of the people the great fundamental truth of Christianity, '*God made man.*' It was, in fact, an abridgment of the whole Gospel history—the sum and substance of the Gospel put into a short and simple form, which even the poorest and most ignorant could frequently repeat and easily remember: nor can we doubt that it was by a special inspiration from heaven that St. Dominic was led to establish a devotion which has become so universal in the Church, and which has been so abundantly blessed to the instruction and salvation of souls" (*Points of History*, p. 99).

It is but proper to say that the ascription to St. Dominic of the institution of the Rosary, and of the practice of meditating on the Mysteries during its recitation, have been questioned by Catholic

writers. A very elaborate discussion of these questions may be found in the *Acta Sanctorum* (Aug., T. I.). In quoting as we have done, in order to illustrate the poems, we do not pretend to pass any judgment on the questions in dispute, but have endeavored merely to make the historical allusions clear.

The second instance of the assistance rendered by the Blessed Virgin, namely, at the battle of Lepanto, is worthy of greater space than may be accorded it in our comments. The battle deserves to be ranked among the decisive battles of the world. It "arrested forever the danger of Mahometan invasion in the south of Europe," says Alison. St. Pius V., of whom Ranke has left us such a glowing portrait, was then in the Chair of Peter (1571). "It is not to be supposed," says Cardinal Newman (*The Turks*, iii, § 6), "that a Saint on whom lay the 'solicitude of all the churches,' should neglect the tradition which his predecessors of so many centuries had bequeathed to him, of zeal and hostility against the Turkish power. He was only six years on the pontifical throne, and the achievement of which I am going to speak was among his last; he died the following year. At this time the Ottoman armies were continuing their course of victory; they had just taken Cyprus, with the active coöperation of the Greek population of the island, and were massacring the Latin nobility and clergy, and mutilating and flaying alive the Venetian governor. Yet the Saint found it impossible to move Christendom to its own defence. How, indeed, was that to be done, when half Christendom had become Protestant, and secretly perhaps felt as the Greeks felt, that the Turk was its friend and ally? In such a quarrel England, France and Germany, were out of the question. At length, however, with great effort he succeeded in foaming a holy league between himself, King Philip of Spain, and the Venetians . . . Meanwhile, the Ottomans were scouring the Gulf of Venice, blockading the ports, and terrifying the city itself. But the holy Pope was securing the success of his cause by arms of his own, which the Turks understood not. He had been appointing a Triduo of supplication at Rome, and had taken part in the procession himself. He had proclaimed a jubilee to the whole Christian world for the happy issue of the war. He had been interesting the Holy Virgin in his cause. He presented to his admiral, after high mass in his chapel, a standard of red damask, embroidered with a crucifix, and with the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the legend, 'In hoc signo vinces' . . . Accordingly,

a fast of three days was proclaimed for the fleet, beginning with the Nativity of our Lady (Sept. 8) . . . At length, on the seventh of October, they found the Turkish fleet half way between Lepanto and the Echinades on the North, and Patras, in the Morea, on the South. . . . The night before the battle, and the day itself, aged as he was, and broken with a cruel malady, the Saint had passed in the Vatican in fasting and prayer. All through the Holy City the monasteries and the colleges were in prayer also. As the evening advanced the pontifical treasurer asked an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. Pius was in his bedroom, and began to converse with him, when suddenly he stopped the conversation, left him, threw open the window and gazed up into heaven. Then closing it again, he looked gravely at his official, and said, 'This is no time for business; go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turks, and is victorious.' As the treasurer went out, he saw him fall on his knees before the altar in thankfulness and joy. And a most memorable victory it was: upwards of 30,000 Turks are said to have lost their lives in the engagement, and 3,500 were made prisoners. Almost their whole fleet was taken. I quote from Protestant authorities when I say that the Sultan, on the news of the calamity, neither ate, nor drank, nor showed himself, nor saw any one for three days; that it was the greatest blow which the Ottomans had had since Timour's victory over Bajazet, a century and a half before; nay, that it was the turning-point in the Turkish history, and that, though the Sultans have had isolated successes since, yet from that day they undeniably and constantly declined; that they have lost their *prestige* and their self-confidence, and that the victories gained over them since are but the complements and reverberations of the overthrow at Lepanto."

The Breviary, in the 5th Lesson of the Feast (Fest. SS. Rosarii) associates this victory with the Rosary: "Nam cum illa ipsa die victoria relata sit, qua die sanctissimi Rosarii sodalitates per universum orbem consuetas supplicationes peragerent, statutasque preces de more funderent, iis precibus haud immerito refertur accepta."

The poem recalls the prophetic promise of victory, made by Pius to his admiral:

Mirum ex hoste triumphum
Fatidico edixit praescium ore Pius.

Rohrbacher refers to this in his history (Vol. 12, p. 739): "Il [*sc.* Pius V.] manda au généralissime que l'unique moyen de salut

était une bataille ; il lui prédisait la victoire, mais en lui recommandant de s'y préparer chrétiennement et de renvoyer de son armée tous les gens de mauvaise vie." The vision of the triumph subsequently vouchsafed to the Pope agreed with the event: "Tous ensemble notèrent le jour et l'heure de la vision du Saint-Père; 7 octobre, cinquième heure apres midi. C'était bien l'heure ou triomphait la croix dans le golf de Lepante" (*ib.*, p. 740).

In his encyclical for October, 1895, the Pope speaks of the project of erecting at Patras, on the Gulf of Lepanto, a basilica in honor of Our Lady of Victory, to stand as a perpetual memorial of gratitude and veneration: "Illud spectamus propositum . . . quod in pernobili Conventu eucharistico, Hierosolymis acto, initium duxit, templi videlicet exaedificandi in honorem Reginae sacratissimi Rosarii; idque Patrae in Achaia, non procul a locis ubi olim nomen christianum, ea auspice, eluxit. Ut enim a Consilio quod rei provehendae curandoque operi, probantibus Nobis, constitutum est, perlibentes accepimus, iam plerique vestrum rogati, collaticiam stipem omni diligentia in id submiserunt; etiam polliciti, se deinceps non dissimiliter adfore usque ad operis perfectionem. Ex quo satis iam est consultum, ut ad molitionem quae amplitudini rei conveniat, aggredi liceat: factaque est a Nobis potestas ut propediem auspicalis templi lapis sollemnibus caeremoniis ponatur. Stabit templum, nomine christiani populi, monumentum perennis gratiae Adiutrici et Matri caelesti; quae ibi et latino et graeco ritu assidue invocabitur, et vetera beneficia novis usque velit praesentior cumulare." His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi was placed at the head of the Commission having the work in charge. The basilica, with convents and schools attached, will be a noble memorial and monument.

IN OBITU JOSEPHI PECCI.

Cardinal Joseph Pecci, brother of the Pope, died in the year 1890. His life had been devoted to the study of philosophy. He taught this branch at the seminary of Perugia, until nominated by Pius IX. to the chair of philosophy in the Roman University. He took part in the work of several philosophical and theological Commissions which prepared matter for the deliberations of the Vatican Council. After the capture of Rome, he refused to take the oath of loyalty exacted by the new government from professors of the universities, and was in consequence compelled to resign. He contined, however, to give lectures in philosophy at the Institute for Higher

Studies founded by Pius IX. to replace the secularized Roman University. Mgr. de T'Serclaes (I., p. 522), from whom I have taken these details, adds a pathetic incident of the illness which shortly preceded his death. Experiencing in 1888 a first attack of apoplexy, he detached himself more and more from the things of the world. He collected an immense mass of manuscripts, the fruits of his long years of study, and commanded that they should be burnt. Seeing the flames devour in a moment the product of labors so prolonged, he was momentarily troubled, but immediately regained his cheerfulness, and with his own hands fanned the flames. Some one reproached him for having thus caused an irreparable loss to the study of Christian philosophy. "I have formed disciples," he replied, "who will expound my views better than myself." Nevertheless, we cannot but regret (adds the writer I quote), the destruction of these manuscripts. They comprised very important works; amongst others, a critical history of the modern systems of philosophy.

Cardinal Joseph Pecci died on the 8th of February, 1890, having received in perfect consciousness the sacraments of Holy Church.

"Sa mort fut un coup douloureux pour Léon XIII, qui avait toujours porté à son frère Joseph l'affection la plus tendre. Il exhala sa douleur dans une touchante élégie en vers latins. Les deux frères y sont représentés échangeant par-delà le tombeau les effusions de leur sentiments affectueux. Joseph encourage Joachim du haut du ciel et l'engage à se préparer à la mort en pleurant ses péchés. Joachim, du sein des flots agités du monde, promet d'obéir à ses paroles et implore son secours. Ce dialogue est un petit chef-d'oeuvre de poésie mystique et de sentiment" (*l. c.*).

The text is an emendation of a previous draft appearing in an Italian journal. It should be interesting to note the emendations:

JOSEPH.

Iustitiae factum satis est; admissa piavi (1st)
Iustitiae factum satis est; poenisque solutum (2d).

Numine propitio tibi sint cum fenore multo
Felices initi pro relligione labores (1st)
Sic tibi felices, largo sic fenore digni
Sint initi sancta pro relligione labores (2d).

JOACHIM.

Enitar gemitu lacrimisque abstergere culpas (1st)
Incensa ex imo ducens suspiria corde
Ploratu maculas delere enitar amaro (2d).

Both poems are highly praised for their affectionateness, brevity and classical finish.

AD SODALES ARCADICOS.

The "Arcadia" was founded in Rome in 1690. Tiraboschi (*Storia della Lett. Ital.*, T. VIII, lib. 1) notices the many "academies" founded in Italy in the 17th century. Of those flourishing in Rome, he mentions some of greater or lesser prominence, passes over in silence those which left behind them no printed monuments other than their names, and comes down to speak at some length of the "Arcadia," of which, in after years, he himself became a member: "Di più distinta e più onorevol menzione sarebbe degna l'Arcadia fondata in Roma nel 1690, perciocchè il fine, che questa illustre adunanze si prefisse, basterebbe esso solo a renderne memorabile e glorioso il nome." The great purpose on which he compliments the Arcadia, was to wage war on the bad taste (il pessimo gusto) prevailing over nearly all of Italy, and to bring Poetry back to the path from which she had wandered far. With the great names connected with its foundation we have no present concern. It was made immortal afterwards by the names of Metastasio, Parini, Alfieri, mentioned or referred to by Leo XIII. in this poem.

"Arcadia" was a happy and significant name for the new society. Its pastoral simplicity challenged the other fantastic titles, "come quelle de' Parteni, de' Malincolici, degli Intricati, degli Uniformi, de' Delfici, de' Fantastici, de' Negletti, degli Infecondi," etc.

Virgil had made Arcady his own in the Bucolics, and Horace had delicately acknowledged the fact by the close connection he makes between the names (Od. iv, 12):

> Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
> Custodes ovium carmina fistula,
> Delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
> Colles Arcadiae placent.
>
> "Beside his full-fed sheep, the swain
> In tender grass, indites the strain,
> And charms the god, that loves to see
> The dusky hills of Arcady." —*Gladstone's transl.*

The muse was indeed to return to Arcadian simplicity; but the simplicity was to be ennobled by art and classicism. The *Arcades ambo* of Virgil did not mean, as we mistranslate it nowadays, "both sweet innocents" or "fools alike;" but

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati (*Ecl.*, vii);

or as the Pope's poem quotes (Ecl., x, 32):

Soli cantare periti
Arcades.

No special significance attaches, so far as I know, to the name *Neander Heracleus*, which the young Pecci received on his admittance to the Academy in 1832. It was a relic of the older spirit of the Renaissance. Hausschein became Oecolampadius; Schwarzerd, Melanchthon, etc., while Metastasio, in later times, covered over the humbler name of Trapassi. Sometimes the Greek name was not a translation of the vernacular, however, nor, as in the case of Metastasio, signified even the "changing" of one name into another. Before publishing his *Arcadia*, Sannazaro had joined a literary society, and had changed his name into *Azio Sincero*. Had the fashion any connection with the pleasant identification which Virgil makes of himself with Tityrus in the 6th Eclogue? It is not, indeed, likely; although the fanciful Arcadia of the poets had grown almost into a reality from the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro and that of Sir Philip Sidney, and the *Arcades* of Milton.

Reminiscences of the Eclogues shine throughout the Pope's poem. It is, of course, unnecessary to give illustrations of this close inspiration. The biographic details alluded to by the Pope may not, perhaps, be equally familiar to all the readers of the poem. Metastasio was made imperial laureate by Charles VI.:

Agnovit vatem Caesaris aula suum.

Parini was the greatest Italian satirist of his day—"scourged the follies of his time:"

Te ne ego sublimi sileam metuende flagello—

and excelled also in lyric poetry:

Carmine saepe ausum grandia pindarico.

Although successful in lyric, satiric, and dramatic verse, and attaining to many honors—(he was elected to membership in many literary societies, such as the *Transformati* in Milan, the *Arcadia* in Rome; was professor of literature in two institutions; and was highly hon-

ored by the Emperor Leopold and by Bonaparte)—nevertheless he was as poor at the end of his career as at its commencement:

Patria, magne senex, te Insubria vidit egentem—

but his renown has survived his death, and is being more and more vindicated by the cooler judgment of to-day. The Pope is quite within the bounds of accuracy:

Vindex posteritas te supra astra locat.

Alfieri created a new era of tragedy in Italy; and after discovering his talent, labored most energetically, producing fourteen tragedies in seven years. He also translated some plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides:

Visus, qui tragicum spirans, e littore graio
Ausoniis Sophoclen mente animoque refers.

The London *Tablet* (Jan. 13, 1900) contained this comment on Parini, without mention of Metastasio or Alfieri:

"The following distichs have been composed by His Holiness quite recently in memory of Giuseppe Parini:

Te ne ego sublimi sileam metuende flagello
Carmine saepe ausum grandia pindarico?
Patria, magne senex, te Insubria vidit egentem
Vindex posteritas te super astra locat.

"The temperament of Parini differed widely from that of Leo XIII; his was acrid, violent, unsparing; the Pope's is exactly the reverse. But both are shown to have many points of resemblance when we remember that, leaving the poets of North Europe out of count for the sake of argument, Parini was probably the greatest satirist since the days of Juvenal, though possessed of qualities which made him resemble both Virgil and Horace, as the Cardinal Vice-Chancellor has shown in an eloquent discourse. In a double way, therefore, he resembles the poet-Pope, who has celebrated him in verse.

Patria, magne senex, te Insubria vidit egentem,

sings Leo XIII.

La mia povera madre non ha pane
Le non da me, ed io non ho danaro
Da mantenerla almeno per domane,"

sings Parini himself.

Vindex posteritas te supra astra locat,

sings the Pope, as Monti sang:

Cor di Dante e del suo duca il canto!

comparing the poet-priest to Virgil. The Consultore Pecci saved Parini after the death of the Count Fermian and the poet's refusal to versify in honor of Maria Teresa, and the verses of Leo XIII are likely to be as well remembered as the friendship of the Consultore. About the same time that he set himself to celebrate Parini, and thus to rob civil Italy of the honor of paying due honor to its eighteenth-century poet on the centenary of his death, Leo XIII turned the following sonnet of Professor E. Frontini into flowing verses, illustrated the original poem with an Italian note, and signed his own dear academic name of Neander Heracleus."

Then follows the Sonnetto with its version into Latin elegiacs:

SONNETTO.

Dal poggio occidental dell'Appennino [1]
Discendi, o linfa di perenne vena,
E, abbandonato il natural cammino,
Riguadagna la cima entro Turrena.

Qui accolta nell'ampissimo bacino,
Dove l'arte mostrò sua maggior lena,
Al gramo e all'opulento cittadino
Vieni a far lieta e salutar la cena.

Salve, o figliuola della pia Natura,
Acqua, ristoro all'animal famiglia,
Che da rei morsi teco si assicura.

E tu, salve, dell'uom provvido ingegno,
Che or con una or con altra meraviglia
D'Igèa propaghi il benedetto regno.

—*G. Prof. Frontini.*

[1]) Dalle roccie dell'Appennino Umbro, a Bagnara presso Nocera, sgorga l'acqua che periti ingegneri idraulici, superando le non lievi difficoltà del lungo cammino, hanno condotto a Perugia. Declinando a destra del Subasio, essa percorre l'estesa pianura di Assisi, e riguadagna la cima a Monte Ripido, elevatissimo colle che domina la vestusta Turrena. Lassù è raccolta in un vasto bacino, appositamente or costruito, stupenda opera d'arte per solidità ed eleganza de stile; e di là scende e diramasi in città per diversi canali, uno de'quali va ad alimentare la monumentale fontana di piazza del Duomo.—*The Pope's note.*

PARAPHRASIS.

E colle occiduo, qua nubifer Appenninus
Attollit frontem, candida lympha, veni.

Oblita aerei montis praerupta vagari
Per saxa infrenis praecipitesque vias.

Huc iam flecte iter, huc propera tranquilla per Umbram
Labere substructo fornice planitiem;

Mox celerans cursum, regalia moenia et arces [1]
Fortis Turrenae scande et amoena iuga.

Tum subito e latebra erumpens, decurre peramplum
In labrum, excellens nobilis artis opus;

Subiectaeque urbi iugi ac praedivite vena
Provida defer opes, candida lympha, tuas,

Inque domos deducta, patrumque humilisque popelli
Perge salutifero rore hilarare dapes.

Prodesse o cunctis assueta animantibus, o quae
Frigidula et dulcis languida membra levas,

Depellis morbos, prohibes contagia dira,
Salve naturae filia lympha piae!

Tuque o mens hominum salve, quae lenis Hygeae
Miris usque modis provehis imperium!

—*Neander Heracleus.*

VIVAT CHRISTUS QUI DILIGIT FRANCOS (p. 196).

This poem was sent by His Holiness to Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, apropos of the proposed celebration at Rheims, of the 14th centenary of the conversion of Clovis. The commemoration seems to have moved the heart of the Pope very powerfully, for besides two letters which he sent to the Cardinal approving the proposed celebration, and filled with affection for the French people, he subsequently wrote a congratulatory letter, dated Oct. 28, 1896, on the outpouring of religious zeal manifested during this "Jubilee year" of the French nation. From these letters as well as from the Pastoral of Card. Langénieux announcing the Papal approbation and special favors granted, it will be interesting to extract some passages illustrating the poem.

After the noble prelude of the first stanza, the Pope recalls the occasion that led to the conversion of Clovis. To understand some-

[1]) Nonnulla Imperii romani numismata titulum praeferunt *Perusiae augustae.*

thing of the enthusiastic view of this event taken by all Catholics, and especially by all Catholic French hearts, we must leave the desiccated narratives of modern historians and hie us back to St. Gregory of Tours, to Alcuin and to Hincmar. Guizot (*Mémoires sur l'Histoire de France*, T. I., p. viii) remarks that: "De tous les monumens qu'il nous a transmis sur ce long et sombre chaos, le plus important est, à coup sûr, *l'histoire ecclésiatique des Francs* de Grégoire de Tours; titre singulier et qui révèle le secret de l'état social à cette époque. Ce n'est pas l'histoire distincte de l'Église, ce n'est pas non plus l'histoire civile et politique seule qu'a voulu retracer l'écrivain; l'une et l'autre se sont offertes en même temps à sa pensée, et tellement unies qu'il n'a pas cru pouvoir les séparer. Le clergé et les Francs, c'était alors en effet toute la société, la seule du moins qui prit part vraiement aux événemens et pût prétendre à une histoire." Guizot seems to find fault with this treatment, since he continues: "Le reste de la population vivait et mourait misérable, inactif, ignoré." I shall not pause to quarrel with his implied criticism, but shall merely call attention to the fact which he signalizes, namely, that to St. Gregory's mind, France and its religion were to be inseparable companions; that, to the French mind, *Gesta Dei per Francos* was not merely a chronicle, but as well a symbolism; and that, for its war-cry, France took the words *Noel! Noel!* and thus recalled the Christmas night of the year 476, when France, in the baptism of Clovis, became the "eldest daughter of the Church." A nation was born on the natal day of Christ the Saviour. The oldest narratives of the baptism of Clovis are redolent of this interfusion of religious and national aspirations. And it is not strange that the 14th centenary of the event should have moved the Pope to write a poem summarizing the grand story of France into a condensed *Gesta Dei.*

Teutonum pressus Clodoveus armis.—"The queen," says Gregory (lib. ii), "ceased not to implore the king to acknowledge the true God and to give up his idols; but he could not be prevailed on to do this until, in a war with the Allemanni, he was forced by necessity to confess what until then he had wished to deny. It came to pass that in an engagement marked by great slaughter [in 496, at Tolbiac (?) now Zülpich, near Cologne], Clovis, perceiving that his army was being cut to pieces, raised his hands towards heaven, and exclaimed with tears: 'Jesus Christ, whom Clothilde declares to be the Son of the living God, who art said to help them that are in

danger, and to grant victory to them that hope in Thee, I devoutly invoke Thy help; if Thou wilt grant me victory over my enemies, if I experience that power of which the people consecrated to Thy name declare they have received so many proofs, I will believe in Thee and be baptized in Thy name....." This long prayer is summarized in the third stanza of the poem. Hincmar, in his Life of St. Remigius (c. 24), introduces Aurelian as speaking to the king in almost the same words as the poem: "Domine mi rex, crede modo Deum coeli quem domina mea regina praedicat, et dabit tibi ipse rex regum et Deus coeli atque terrae victoriam."

Illico excussus pavor, etc.—Gregory: "As he said these words, the Allemanni turned and fled; and seeing that their king was dead, surrendered to Clovis."

Remis te manet infulata fronte sacerdos.—At the request of Clotilda, St. Remigius (Rémi), bishop of Rheims, began to instruct Clovis in Christianity. Several bishops, including those of Chartres and Soissons, together with many priests, joined in this apostolate which had for its catechumens a whole army. Finally the great day of baptismal regeneration was at hand (Christmas, 496). St. Gregory of Tours and Hincmar have left us glowing descriptions of the ceremony, which have been pleasingly condensed by Darras (Eng. transl.): "The baptismal fonts of St. Martin's, the great church of Rheims, were magnificently adorned; the nave was decorated with white hangings; the same emblematic color also appeared in the dress of Clovis and the other catechumens chosen from among the flower of the Salians. On Christmas night (A. D. 476), all the streets were tapestried from the king's palace to the basilica; the church blazed with a thousand fires shed from richly perfumed tapers. The procession moved on towards the basilica, preceded by the Cross and the book of Gospels borne in state. St. Remigius led the king by the hand; they were followed by queen Clotilda, and the two prinoesses Albofleda and Lantilda, sisters of Clovis. Upward of three thousand officers and nobles of the court, all dressed in white ornaments, were going to receive baptism with their king." These details are more summarily given in the first two paragraphs of the letter containing the papal grant of a Jubilee (dated Jan. 8, 1896). The Pope next remarks that the union of the scattered territories of the Frankish realm was brought about rather by divine assistance than by the civil or military exploits of Clovis; and that France began thenceforward to flourish and to merit well of Catho-

licity; and draws the conclusion stated in the poem (*Et cohors omnis populusque dio tingitur amne*): "Non igitur sine causa affirmant, in eo ipso commemorabili Baptismate totam simul Galliam fuisse quodammodo renovatam, consecutaeque peramplae eius claritudinis inde extitisse primordia."

Te [*Romam*] *colet matrem; tua maior esse gestiet natu.*—St. Anastasius II, in his Letter to Clovis, utters the same thought: "Glorious son, your entrance into the Christian fold coincides with the beginning of our pontificate. . . . May you become our crown; and may the Church, your Mother, applaud the progress of the great king she has brought forth unto God. Be the joy of your mother." This letter, printed by d'Achery in his *Spicilegium*, and subsequently reprinted by him and by others, is considered spurious by Julien Havet (*Questions Mérovingiennes*, II., *Les Découvertes de Jérome Vignier*. Paris, 1885.) France has always rejoiced in the title of "eldest daughter of the Church." The Pope recalls this title in his second letter (Oct. 28, 1896) to Card. Langénieux: "Mais ce qui nous a surtout réjoui et consolé, c'est la très noble ardeur que vous déployez pour amener vos concitoyens à répondre, comme le firent leurs aïeux, à Notre toute particulière affection pour la Fille aînée de l'Église."

Domitor ferocis fulget Astolfi.—Pepin le Bref. Singularly enough, the *Civiltà Cattolica*. commenting very briefly on the poem, mentions Charlemagne and omits Pepin.

Sociasque in unum cogite vires.—"Cette commémoration nous a été d' autant plus agréable qu'elle offrait au peuple français une occasion plus excellente de puiser des énergies nouvelles pour ranimer, accroître même les gloires de la foi des ancêtres et de renouveler . . . les engagements pris jadis an jour du baptême." (Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Card. Langénieux, Oct. 28, 1896.)

Nil Fide Christi prius.—This last stanza recalls the prophecy of St. Remigius to Clovis, on the eve of his baptism: "Your posterity shall nobly govern this kingdom, bring glory to Holy Church, and inherit the empire of the Romans. As long as it follows the path of truth and virtue, it will not cease to prosper. But its fall will follow the invasion of vice and corrupt morals." Darras (Vol. 14, p. 36) remarks: "La prophétie de l' évêque de Reims au berceau de la monarchie française s'est également réalisée au pied de la lettre. Plus la France s'écartera des voies de la vérité et de la vertu, plus elle précipitera sa propre ruine."

I can not forbear to translate a part of the admirable Pastoral of Card. Langénieux: "The year 1896 brings the fourteen hundredth anniversary of a providential event, which has already fixed the historic and religious destinies of the French nation, and which remains the glory of our city of Rheims. For indeed it was not merely a barbarian leader, but a whole people whom St. Remi baptized on Christmas day of the year 496; and this memorable date makes an epoch in the history of modern times. The effects of the conversion of Clovis were felt in the very confines of the people of Gaul; and it loses nothing when placed in comparison with the conversion, so important for the Church, of Constantine, in a preceding age. It really inaugurated in the West a new order of things; and, by assuring definitely to the Franks a predominance amongst the kingdoms started in the fifth century by the invading barbarians, it gave to the Holy See that support which was humanly indispensable if it was to survive the destruction of the Empire and upon its ruins build up, out of other materials, the Christian civilization which we now enjoy. The baptistery of Rheims has become, therefore, the cradle of this Christian France, the first-born daughter of the Church. She has received from Christ a special mission of devotion to the Papacy; above all things is she honored by her service in the apostolate of God amongst the nations. And now, my dear brethren, when a nation has for fourteen centuries lived on such an act of faith; when it has carried in its bosom, as a clear privilege, that original compact which became the law of its history; when it has been able to demonstrate, by the material evidence of facts, that the interests of its own policy as a state have been always inseparably blended in the world with the very interests of God; and that, following the example of the elect race of biblical times, it has seen its prosperity, with all its glories, increase or decrease in proportion as it has been faithful or faithless to its mission; it is proper, if it should find opportunity, to recall, by prayer, thanksgiving and repentance, the far-off memory of its first days; it is proper that it should silence, for a time, the tumult of current affairs; that it should look up to God, and, confronting its own image the better to know itself, should read again, in the truth and splendor of its history, the divine bond that unites it to Christ." Concerning the Letters sent by His Holiness, the Cardinal says: The Sovereign Pontiff "conjures the France of Clovis not to depart from its providential pathway; 'to remain faithful to its genius and its Christian

destinies;' to reawaken in its bosom 'the active and militant faith of past ages;' and to continue still to be in the hands of God 'a mighty weapon for the defense of the Church, and for the spreading of the social kingdom of Christ upon earth.' He invites all 'the sons of the French fatherland' to turn their eyes and hearts towards our ancient national baptistery and the glorious tomb of St. Remi. . . . He reminds them that 'the abandonment of the principles constituting their power till now, will infallibly lead to their decay, and will hand them over defenceless to the enemies of property, of the family, and of society.' He urges them to banish every germ of political dissension and to be united in truth, justice and charity, as children of the same Father, in order to proclaim in a national act of faith, above all lassitudes and divisions, the *idée française;* that is to say, the eternal design which God has had for our country." This is almost a perfect summary of the Pope's Ode.

DEO ET VIRGINI INSTANTE MORTE VOTA (p. 206).

The poem appears to have been written by His Holiness originally in Italian, and comprised only the first twelve lines as found in our text. It was sent by him to Cesare Cantù, "the Prince of Church historians," and appeared in an Italian journal together with a *Risposta* by the avvocato Giov. Sinistri and a translation into Latin elegiacs by "Un Sacerdote." This Latin version is given below.

Jam prope deciduus se sol abscondit, et aurea
Luce tibi inspergit tempora cana, Leo.
Exustae venae; sensimque extinguitur arens
Vita; suum torquet pallida mors iaculum.
Frigida funereo mox membra teguntur amictu,
Urnaque mortales colligit exuvias.
At rapidus, vinclis abruptis, explicat alas
Spiritus in coelum; sidera anhelus avet.
Hoc opus, hic labor, haec longarum meta viarum:
Sancta haec care, precor, perfice vota, Deus.
Et si quid merui, da animam hanc in regna beata,
Namque tuus favor est, scandere Teque frui.

JULIO STERBINIO FAMILIARI (p. 208).

The poem appears in the text much changed from the following, which was probably the original draft:

IVLIO STERBINIO.

FAMILIARI.

Iuli munus habe, Cor Iesv:* manat abunde
Inde salutiferæ vena perennis aquæ.

Quem Iesu de Corde fluens lustraverit unda,
Abstergi labes sentiet ille suas.

Tu quoque iam propera ad fontem, hoc te merge lavacro;
Pulchrior evenies et nive candidior—

Mergeris: en subito detersus lucida cælo
Figere vividius lumina munda vales;

Quærere nec cælum cessas; insana cupido
Si quando illecebris urgeat in vetitum,

Reiicis indignans: animum tenet una voluptas
Divinis mentem pascere deliciis.

Atque, imo quæ corde latent, arcana recludens
Ad Jesum perhibes te magis usque trahi

Vi dulci et grata; benefacta et dona recenses
Quæ tibi munifica contulit Ipse manu—

Sic tua sit semper virtus, tua gloria Iesus!
Et tuus incenso pectore iugis amor:

Invictum robur dura in certamina vitæ,
Fulgida lux signans tutum iter ad patriam!

—*Leo XIII.*

OB NUPTIAS ALPHONSI STERBINI ET JULIAE PIZZIRANI (p. 214).

Written as late as the year 1897, this pretty *Epithalamium* is a convincing proof that, with some hearts, the sympathies of life only grow mellower with age. The venerable Pontiff had not merely attained the proverbial three-score years and ten, but had exceeded that limit by more than three added lusters; and still his heart could enter into the joyous forecastings of youth. Which of his themes should be considered more "humanizing" than this? His verse is not, however, full of airy nothings about Cupid and Hymen. He sees in that "world-without-end bargain" (as the Princess styles it in *Love's Labor's Lost*), a great Christian sacrament, to be placed under the protecting wing of the Virgin of Pompeii, and to be rendered more and more holy by the continued blessings of heaven. It

* An. MDCCCXCVII. Leo XIII. depictam divini Cordis Iesu tabulam Iulio Sterbinio eiusque filiis dono dedit.

is interesting to note that the Pope answers his own query: "Whence this love? (*Unde amor iste?*)" by a Latin verse which is the equivalent of

> Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one.

Scilicet, he says, *simile ingenium;* that is, two souls with but a single thought: and he assigns as a second reason, *parilis voluntas;* that is, two hearts that beat as one. We scarce could escape—nor, indeed, wished to do so—the influence which the old thought and the old jingle exercised in shaping the suggestion of the first stanza of the translation.

AD FABRICIUM RUFUM (p. 216).

The text given in this volume is a revision of the Epistle as it originally appeared. Some lines have been added, many have been altered, and the succession of topics has been slightly introverted. Altogether, the text has been so changed as to render interesting the following comparison of the two drafts of the poem. The first seven lines are identical in both poems. The original text:

> Albana e cella iubeas purissima vina
> Apponi; exhilarant animos curasque resolvunt

appears revised as follows:

> Apponi in mensa iubeas purissima vina;
> Et vacuus curis, grato praecordia potu
> Demulce et recrea, convivas inter amicos.

After the next two lines the revision inserts:

> Candida lympha! datum vix quidquam hoc munere maius,
> Vix quidquam varios vitae magis utile in usus.

The next two lines remain unchanged, except that "dapes et," appears as "dapes aut."

The next line:

> Sume libens, firmandis viribus utilis esca

appears revised as:

> Sume libens; toto nam firmant corpore vires.

The next two lines:

> Sint tenerae carnes; instructaque fercula spissum
> Non ius vel siser inficiat, non fercula coa,

are revised into:

> At mollire prius carnes, et fercula cures
> Ne siser inficiat, ne faecula coa vel alec.

"Eggs" is the topic next introduced in the original, while the introversion in the revision brings up immediately that of "milk and honey." We shall indicate the original text by the letters (O. T.), and the revision by (R. T.).

> Lento igne aut libeat modicis siccare patellis,
> Sugere seu mollem pleno sit gratius ore;
> Atque alios sunt ova tibi percommoda in usus. (O. T.)
>
> Leni igne aut libeat modicis siccare patellis,
> Sugere seu mollem pleno sit gratius ore;
> Utcumque absumas erit utilis esca saluti. (R. T.)
>
> Neve accepta minus spumantis copia lactis:
> Nutriit infantem; senior bene lacte valebis.
> Nunc age, et aerei mellis caelestia dona
> Profer, et hyblaeo parcus de nectare liba.
> Adde suburbano tibi quod succrescit in horto
> Dulce olus, et pubens decusso flore legumen;
> Adde et maturos, quos fertilis educat annus,
> Delectos fructus, imprimis mitia poma,
> Quae pulcre in cistis mensam rubicunda coronent. (O. T.)
>
> Nunc age; provideas tereti defusa catino,
> Ne desit mensae spumantis copia lactis.
> Nil vitale magis, nil lacte salubrius; infans
> Qui lac suxisti, senior bene lacte valebis.
> Degustanda simul profer dulcissima mella;
> Attamen hyblaeo parcus de nectare liba.
> Tum laudata, etc.
> Culta suburbano, riguoque virentia in horto
> Adde olera et pubens decusso flore legumen.
> Adde novos quos lacta refert tibi vinea fructus,
> Dulces pampinea decerptos vite racemos,
> Pruna admixta pyris, imprimis mitia poma,
> Quae pulcre in cistis mensam rubicunda coronent. (R. T.)
>
> Postremo e tostis succedat potio baccis,
> Quas tibi Moka ferax, mittunt et littora eoa:
> Nigrantem laticem sensim summisque labellis
> Sorbilla; dulcis stomachum bene molliet haustus. (O. T.)

Postremo e tostis succedat potio baccis,
Quas tibi Moka ferax e littore mittit eoo:
Nigrantem, etc. (R. T.)

The next three lines are unchanged. Then:

Principio hoc illi studium; componere mensas
Ornatu vario, aulaeis ostroque nitentes. (O. T.)

Principio haec illi sollers et sedula cura,
Instruere ornatu mensas cultuque decoras. (R. T.)

The next line is unchanged. Then:

Grandia stant circum longo ordine pocula, aheni
Crateres, paterae, lances, argentea vasa: (O. T.)

Grandia disponit longo ordine pocula, lances,
Caelatas auro pateras, argentea vasa; (R. T.)

The next three lines are unchanged. Then:

Mollibus et blanda invitat discumbere lectis; (O. T.)
Et lectis blanda invitat discumbere eburnis; (R. T.)

The next ten lines are unchanged. Then:

Carnibus admixti pisces; conchylia rhombi,
Mollia pectinibus patulis iuncta ostrea, et ampla
In patera squillas inter muraena natantes. (O. T.)

Carnibus admixti pisces; cum murice rhombi,
Ostrea, et educti Miseno e gurgite echini.
Hos super, immanis patina porrecta nitenti,
Apparet squillas, etc. (R. T.)

The remaining eighteen lines are unchanged.

The extended comparison just made, besides affording a pleasant peep into the literary work-shop of the august author, serves to point the necessity for a new translation. No version made from the original draft could well be confronted with the revised poem, amended, enlarged and introverted as this is. The necessity under which we lay, of furnishing a new translation, affords us an opportunity of paying a tribute to the exquisite version made by Andrew Lang from the original text. We have followed his example in using the rhymed iambic pentameter couplet of Pope, but have been more careful to make the number of lines in the translation the same as

in the Latin text, and—doubtless at the expense of smoothness and elegance—to translate as far as possible line for line.

Andrew Lang's translation was cabled to the New York *World*. "The Pope's poem," he wrote by way of introduction, "is on the model of the Epistles of Horace. From the reference to coffee, he seems to have modern manners in mind, but the 'banquet of greed' reflects the intemperance of ancient Rome. The translation is necessarily in the manner of the eighteenth century." We are tempted to quote from the "Epistle to a Friend," written by the poet Rogers "in the manner of the eighteenth century," and, indeed, *in* the eighteenth century (it was published in 1798), the following pertinent illustration:

> Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
> Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
> Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
> Sheds, like the evening-star, its ray serene
> To hail our coming. Not a step profane
> Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain;
> And, while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
> Pure and unbought—the natives of my field;
> While blushing fruits through scattered leaves invite,
> Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light!
> With wine, as rich in years as HORACE sings,
> With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
> The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,
> Beyond the triumphs of a Loriot's art.

The thought and even the expression of the Pope are akin to the lines of Rogers and, like the "Epistle" of that English poet, are designed "to illustrate the virtue of True Taste, and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life" (from the *Preface* of Rogers).

It is inquiring rather closely into the poetical prescription of the Pope to make his suggestions the basis of an elaborate menu. But one eminent chef essayed such a task. "I have read," he said, "Pope Leo's poem a dozen times this morning and found it—ah—sublime. His Holiness has it right. Simple food, delicately prepared, gives health and years. I am a cook, an artist, and I endorse all that the Pope has written. . . . Give me but two hours and I will have a menu ready—a menu fit for a prince's stomach. Pooh, it will be easy." The result of his profound thinking was as follows:

Small clams.
Soup.
Cream of artichoke. Madeleine.
Relishes.
Radishes. Almonds. Olives.
Petites duchesses.
Fish.
Boiled brook trout, sauce Grenadine.
Potatoes mousseline.
Entrees.
Beef tenderloin larded. Mercedes.
Breast of chicken. Beaumanoix.
New peas saute in butter.
Sorbets Princesses.
New corn fritters.
Game.
Roast plover on canapes.
Mixed salad.
Dessert.
Mousse of strawberry, imperial.
Fancy cakes. Fruits.
Cafe.

The Epistle hums with echoes of the Epistles and Satires of Horace. Ofellus, the rustic philosopher, steered a course between ostentation and meanness: "Sordidis a tenui victu distabit, Ofello iudice" (Sat. II., ii, 53). The menu of the Pope follows his wise suggestion and compromises well:

> Quae virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo
> (Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quae praecepit Ofellus
> Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva),
> Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes,
> Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus et cum
> Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat, etc. (Ibid., 1–6.)

The dire consequences of excess in eating and drinking are pointed out in similar fashion by both poets:

> "Simul assis
> Misçueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis,
> Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
> Lenta feret pituita. Vides ut pallidus omnis
> Cena desurgat dubia? Quin corpus onustum
> Hesternis vitiis animum quoque pergravat una,
> Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aurae." (Ib., 76–9.)

The last phrase of the Pope's poem, borrowed from Horace, is, of course, endued with "strength from on high" by its Christian sig-

nificance, and serves not alone to round out the poem with an elegant rhetorical finish, but as well to dignify the whole Epistle with a high ethical moral. The Horatian allusions or echoings of the Epistle need not be indicated here (Cf. Epp. I., v ; Satt. II., iv).

The many changes indicated in the first part of this Note (pp. 306–8) will serve to illustrate how materially the revised text differs from the original one from which Andrew Lang made his excellent translation. "The eighteenth century style" was singularly well suited to the spirit of such a version. It remained, however, for a fellow-countryman of his to attempt the unique experiment of "doing" Lang's version into Scotch. The tang of the new idiom seems to add a spice-like flavor to the wise counsels of the Epistle. Mr. James D. Law (born in Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, Scotland) had already published his "Dreams o' Hame," "Columbia-Caledonia," and many other poems on Scottish and American topics before essaying this task. Apart from the question of its excellence—and it is wholly delightful and refreshing—his experiment should find a place here merely as a tribute to the original of the Pope and the version of Lang. Mr. Law has kindly permitted it to appear in this volume for the first time in print.

POEM ON FRUGALITY AND LONG LIFE BY POPE LEO XIII.

ALSO SHOWING FORTH THE EVILS OF GREED AND GLUTTONY.

Done into Scotch.

BY JAMES D. LAW.

I.

Ofellus good, who understood Hippocrates lang syne,
In language plain and pleasant vein has tauld us hoo to dine.
And he has shown us not alone what evils to avoid,
But jotted doun in numbers roun' what things may be enjoyed:
What gies us health far mair than wealth man's best and greatest prize,
And what befa's by Nature's laws to a' that gormandize.
The glutton thus he scores for us in words he doesna spare
And lat's us ken wi' ready pen the rules o' frugal fare.

II.

Noo first o' a' tho' bare or braw your table maun be neat,
Your linen seen aye fresh and clean, your dishes bricht and sweet,
Your grey-beard pig, if sma' or big, keep primed wi' mountain-dew,
Nae foreign trash in which to splash, but Scotia's choicest brew!
And bena sweir your he'rt to cheer wi' whiles a waught or twa
Provided aye ye dinna try owre aft to drink it raw.
Your hame-baked bread let it be made frae pure selected grain,
And a' the meat that ye may eat be carefu' o' its strain.
Fill up your plate wi' delicate and dairy-flavor'd roasts
But shun wi' care the bill o' fare that spice profusely boasts.
And as for eggs, if fresh, by fegs, prepare them as ye please
And ye'll declare they'll brawly sair your hunger to appease.
Of milk drink deep and ever keep sweet heather-honey near
As choice a boon as handed doun frae Heav'n to mortals here.
Pease, lintels, beans, and crispy greens in thick abundance use,
Wi' wholesome roots and tasty fruits whene'er ye may them choose;
Forgettin' nae at least to hae what else ye can afford,
Reid aipples ranked like roses banked to croon your rustic board;
And last of a' a cup (or twa, provided they are wee)
O' Mocha fine, and thus ye'll dine frae aches and ailments free.

III.

By sic repasts ye'll bide the blasts o' mony a lang, lang year
And greet auld age a healthy sage, nor lack for lots o' cheer.

IV.

But something mair as we're aware Ofellus preaches still:
The Path o' Greed that can but lead to ilka kind o' ill.
Greed likes to wile wi' sang and smile the feet o' men astray
A siren she that's kent to be aye watchin' for her prey,
Wi' witchin' airt she plays her pairt and bids the table shine
Wi' claith like snaw embroider'd braw and napkins just as fine.
Pure gowden jugs and siller mugs in raws she ranges roun'
The massy plate that in its state ootweighs a monarch's croon.
Wi' scented sprays and sweet bouquets she lures her devotees
The wines to pree, the meats to see on couches at their ease:
Then brings she oot frae neuks aboot the choicest drinks she owns,
And Gluttony wi' honours high, she for the nonce enthrones.
Like bacchanals at country balls her guests drink deep and lang,

And stuff and strive till like to rive their stammacks sae they pang,
Still lures she on wi' mair anon and finer aye the fare,
'Mang oily bree, for instance see a spicy pig's the snare,
Then maukins' legs and lav'rocks' eggs and livers torn frae geese,
And reed-birds rare and doos as fair as ony snaw-white fleece.
In mony a dish flesh mixed wi' fish and clam and oyster stews;
And look! an eel she sets to sweel 'mang prawns wi' gapin' mou's.
The gourmands stare and glut the mair, syne rage and fecht and drink,
Till nae a man is fit to stan' or limp or lisp or wink!

V.

Syne Greed guffaws and croosely craws and in her fiendish glee
The fun arrests and droons her guests like sailors in the sea.
Then brings them back to work them wrack by Indigestion's aid,
And grins again to note their pain and hoo they've been betray'd.
But tho' they sweat and freeze and fret wi' fevers and wi' chills,
And gripe and girn and curse their birn o' self-inflicted ills;
Wi' faces pale and limbs as frail and feckless as can be
The Dish and Cup still buoys them up while they can hear or see;
For Greed yet reigns in a' their brains and letsna up her sway
Till they succumb, deaf blin' and dumb, insensate lumps o' clay!

VI.

What if the Soul greed could control and capture in her snare!
But thank the Lord sic fate abhorr'd oor minds need never scare.
For aifter death has stopped oor breath nae lust can hurt or hairm,
Or e'er molest whae'er may rest in God's protecting Airm;
And weel it's sae, for were it nae and Greed could pass the Grave
Oor pairts divine would perish syne beneath Oblivion's wave!

THE OPENING CENTURY (p. 224).

It is a curiosity of literature—this classical Alcaic Ode in fourteen stanzas, written by a nonagenarian pontiff. Its virile thought finds poetic expression in the Greek form and the Latin phrase loved of Horace above all other verse. And our wonder grows when we reflect that it is the utterance in poetry of the hard lessons of a long and most active life which has been compelled to spend its energies on the issues presented by a whole world and almost a century of its life. In addition to this, a pathetic interest attaches to it in the thought that it shall be one of the last songs of its august author.

It rapidly became a curiosity of literature for another reason. Two distinguished men of letters concentrated their best culture on its translation into English. Andrew Lang's version might well be an original song, so little does it smell of midnight oil. And Francis Thompson had almost poetized it into one of his own moods. Names of lesser note are in the lengthening list; a list which would doubtless be very formidable to print, were an accurate canvass to be made of the current literature of other tongues than English. I have not made it my concern to look up any versions but English ones; but a hint of their existence has been furnished to me by an attempt to render the Ode into German Alcaics, which I find in the *Katholisches Kirchenblatt* of Dresden, a copy of which has been sent to me by a friend (and poet) residing in that city.*

Despite such a long list, a writer who attempts a new version should really find some more cogent excuse than the goodliness of the company in whose midst he sins; neither may he fairly allege the attractiveness of the theme. Gladstone, it must be confessed, achieved a task requiring the fullest courage of his convictions when he ventured to publish his translations of the Odes of Horace. A long series of poets from the lordly Milton downwards had already essayed the high emprise. "Why," confessed the great statesman, "why add to the number?" Why, indeed? And Gladstone felt himself under a gentle compulsion to answer his own query at some length. His reasons must be those of the present writer, who also ventures to add to the English renderings of the Pope's Ode. But one of these reasons may be pleaded so justly in the present case, that a prefatory account of it will not be inappropriate.

Gladstone thought that in translations of the Horatian Odes the best faithfulness should lie in the direction of reproducing the crystalline sparkle of the original rather than its material bulk. I state his thought crudely, and I follow it but partly. It has seemed to me that the thought—the essential thought—of the Pope might be made to "pack more neatly" (to quote a critical phrase of Lowell's) in an English stanza of much shorter syllabic length than the original Alcaic. It may well be that Lang has done this successfully and once for all. None of the renderings is more compressed than his. And it may well be that the present attempt to lop off four of his twenty-eight syllables has resulted in a mere *jeu*

*Pustet has issued a collection of translations of the Ode into twelve different tongues of Continental Europe.

de plume. Francis Thompson allows himself six syllables more than Lang, while most of the others go even beyond this large limit.

It will perhaps prove interesting to compare with the Alcaic original of forty-one syllables the variously ranging lengths of the translations. As the strength of a chain is the strength only of its weakest link, the stanza chosen here for illustration is the fifth, which has proved a veritable *crux* to the translators, and which has been both strongly and weakly "done into English."

In the original this runs:

Vae segregatis Numine legibus!
Quae lex honesti, quae superest fides?
Nutant, semel submota ab aris,
Atque ruunt labefacta jura.

It is a curious thing that in both of the prose translations published, larger syllabic limits are found than in any of the versified renderings—an illustration of the truth that while prose may be a good way of saying a good thing, poetry is the best way of saying the best thing. The *Daily Express*, London, used forty-six syllables:

Woe! to all laws deprived of sacred sanction;
What law of decorum, or what sense of honor now remains?
All institutions nod and totter to their ruin
When once removed from altars.

A contributor to *The Sun*, New York, contents himself with three syllables less; but is not correct in translating "honesti" by "good man:" "Alas for laws turned away from the Deity! What law, what faith is left for the good man? As soon as they are removed from the altars, all laws totter and fall into ruin."

In verse, the highest limits run but to forty syllables. The following is by the Rev. Father Campbell, S. J.:

Ill fare the laws from which God's name's erased!
All honor perishes and mutual trust:
The Rights of Man are trampled in the dust;
The altar shattered—Justice dies disgraced.

The only woman who has published a translation, as far as I know, is Fannie Fenton Bayne:

Woe to all laws divorced from sacred right!
Honor, decorum—who their bounds may tell?
Far distant from the altar's hallowed spell
All institutions rush to blackest night!

Four syllables less are found in the version of Father Cormican, S. J., of Boston College:

> Woe, woe to laws divorced from God! What vow
> Is kept, what rule of right is left us now?
> Exclude the Altar, and your laws
> Have shattered every sacred cause.

Francis Thompson contented himself with two syllables less than this last example:

> Alas for laws dissociate from Awe!
> What rests of faith, or honorable law?
> Rights, from the altar disallied,
> Nod, and to ruin slide.

William Hayes Ward, in the *Independent*, uses a three-lined stanza, of thirty syllables:

> Woe when man's law the law of God defies!
> What faith can stay, once from God's altar rent?
> Then justice faints and falls, and honor dies.

Ten syllables have thus far been retrenched. As the limit decreases, the difficulty, of course, increases. Andrew Lang used but twenty-eight syllables and, with slight ambiguity of meaning, moved with evident freedom within this "narrow plot of ground":

> Woe for a time of godless laws!
> What faith, what loyalty abides?
> Torn from the shrines the ancient cause
> To ruin glides.

Equal limits with these were observed by the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., of Boston, in what he styled a "Free Translation":

> Alas for laws
> Dissevered from the base of law divine:
> What rights secure remain to me or mine,
> Or God's own Cause?

The sequence of the above illustrations is logical, not chronological. It is somewhat strange that Lang and Thompson, who were first in the field and who were content to move within narrow limits, achieving, withal, such notable success, should have been followed by so many who either repeated or exceeded their limits. Perhaps the desire for greater literalness was the motive. But has not the Ode's pungency been lost in the dilution of the syllabic vehicle? It

should be remarked, nevertheless, that this fifth stanza, while it may properly be selected as typical of the difficulties encountered in translation, can scarcely be considered, in the translations given above, as typical of the various successes achieved by the authors quoted. At least in one instance, this stanza misrepresents the real triumph of literalness found in one of the longer-limit versions. It may be difficult to retain

"With the flash of the gem its solidity too,"

as Tom Moore not seldom was able to do. And there is room for the two classes of translators; those who aim principally at a reproduction of the thought in the most literal exposition possible to patience and idiom, and those whose first wish is to effect the best compromise between literalness and beauty.

The present translation attempts to preserve the thought of the original in a still more limited stanza than that of Lang—four syllables being lopped off. It can pretend to little more than an experiment in compression, and may serve, perhaps, to illustrate the futility of such experiments.

INSCRIPTION TO HIS MOTHER (p. 240).

The inscription is illustrated by the following biographical details, which we translate from De T'Serclaes:

"On his mother's side, Leo XIII. is connected with a family celebrated in the history of Rome in the middle ages. Anne Prosperi was a descendant of the famous Cola da Rienzi. . . . After his death, his son Angelo fled to Cori and there founded a family under the name of Prosperi, as P. Sante Lauriente narrates in a chronicle of Cori dedicated in 1631 to the guardians of Rome: 'Prosperi antiquitus vocabantur Rientii, ex Nicolao Rientio Rom. pop. tribuno' (*Vita populare anedottica del Sommo Pontefice Leone XIII.*, published by the Roman review, *La Palestra del Clero*).

"Anne Prosperi, countess Pecci, was, in the fullest meaning of the phrase, a strong woman. Her portrait, preserved at Carpineto, represents her in an attitude at once dignified and attractive, and displays the regularity of her features and the grace of her whole person. Sweet and firm at the same time, she knew how to inspire her children with the virtue she herself practiced. Unceasingly occupied with their education in the first years of their childhood, so important for all the remainder of life, she produced in their hearts

the deep sentiments of piety and charity filling her own breast. They could see their mother frequently visiting and consoling the poor of Carpineto, and during the years of scarcity afflicting the country at this time, giving food daily to forty of fifty needy poor; they could admire her unshaken confidence in God, her devotion to Mary and the Saints; and thus, side by side with their love for their mother, was developed in them both a love for that God whom they saw so much beloved by their mother, and a love for the religion which constituted her happiness and strength.

"The piety of the Countess Pecci was neither high-minded nor narrow. She never allowed it to hinder her assiduous attention to household duties and to the temporal interests of her family. Thus, she introduced into Carpineto the breeding of silk-worms, and practiced on a grand scale this remunerative industry which afterwards attained to such vast proportions in Italy.

"Anne Pecci died at Rome on the fifth of August, 1824, and was buried in the Church *delle Stimmate* . . ." (pp. 14 and 27).

SUB EFFIGIE VIRGINIS GUADALUPANAE APUD MEXICOS (p. 192).

The verses were written for the coronation of "Holy Mary of Guadalupe," which took place on Saturday, October 12th, 1895. I am indebted for the following illustrations to the admirable work of the Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp. (*Our Lady of America*), published in 1897:

"That American Catholics will gain much by an intelligent and affectionate cherishing of Our Lady's American title, there can be no reason to doubt. . . . Nor should it escape our observation that if origin, length of time, nobility of record, can impart and interpret titular characteristics, then Our Lady's title of Guadalupe is both sacredly and distinctively American" (p. 284).

"Within these three centuries not less than fifteen Popes have had occasion directly or indirectly to approve of the devotions founded on the Apparitions. . . . It may be remarked also that it has been the Popes specially distinguished by liturgical, doctrinal, and historical research and decisiveness, who have most favored the devotion to Holy Mary of Guadalupe. And among these the reigning Pontiff is prominent. He, more perhaps than any of his predecessors, has officially stamped authenticity on the living American

tradition, and more effectually sanctioned and encouraged the veneration of the Picture" (p. 16).

"It is interesting to see such a Pope brought into contact with a many-sided, delicately-venerable question like that of Guadalupe. Here was authorized doctrine, but not so general and well-defined as to bear all treatment; and devotion enthusiastic but jealously sensitive; and considerations of public and private fitness, as well as of racial and national partiality. It was never easy to legislate for Guadulupe, least of all since Benedict XIV. gave it so high an ecclesiastical standing. But the light, strong hand of Leo XIII. has magically touched the sacred subject, and has beautified what was already very beautiful" (p. 32).

Pope Leo XIII. enriched with some special additions the Office granted by Benedict XIV. The Lessons of the Second Nocturn give a concise but highly-interesting narrative of the historical side of the devotion. Father Lee furnishes a translation of these (pp. 37–39). The Pope also wrote a beautiful Letter (pp. 35–37) and approved the ceremony of the Coronation, for which he composed the Latin verses given in our text:

"Leo XIII. had sent his polished Latin distichs, which the dean of the Mexican hierarchy, the renowned Archbishop of Guadalajara, though in the forty-fourth year of his episcopate, undertook to interpret in Spanish verse (Vid. Tiempo Supl., Oct. 12, '95). The lines of these two most venerable men have such ecclesiastical, and will have such historic interest, that it may be well to give them here with a free English rendering.

"These are the Pontiff's lines:

"Mexicus heic populus mira sub imagine gaudet
Te colere, alma parens, praesidioque frui.
Per te sic vigeat felix, teque auspice Christi
Immotam servet firmior usque fidem.

—*Leo PP. XIII.*

(Imagini augustae Mariae D. N. Guadalupensis in Mexico subscribendum.)

Romae ex aedib. Vatic. die XXVI febr. an. MDcccvc.

"Rendered by the Archbishop:

"En admirable imágen,
Santa Madre nuestra
El pueblo Mexicano
Gozoso te venera,

Y tu gran patrocinio
Con gozo y gratitud experimenta.
Feliz y floreciente
Por ti así permanesca
Y mediante el auxilio
Que benigna le prestas
La fé de Jesucristo
Fija conserve con tenaz firmeza.
†*Pedro, Arzob. de Guadalajara.*

"In thy portentous Picture treasured here,
The Mexic race, O Gracious Mother, joys
To honor thee and reap the golden wealth
Of thy unfailing aid. In happy strength
Still make it grow, that blessed by thee it hold
In ever tightening grasp the changeless Faith of Christ" (pp. 48, 49).

The marvellous character of the Picture; the testimonies of Artists who scientifically examined the texture of the cloth; the vivid coloring; the circumstances of the place, so highly unfavorable to coloring or texture; the remarkable state of preservation in which it still is—all these interesting inquiries are treated fully by Father Lee in Chapter VIII. I shall quote but one paragraph:

"In the Brief of Benedict XIV. we find quoted these remarkable words: 'In it there is nothing that is not wonderful: a Picture from flowers gathered in midwinter on a soil entirely sterile and fit to bear only thorns: on a cloth so thin that through it as through a lattice, *transennam*, the temple lay easily open to the eyes: and that after two centuries the nitre of the neighboring lake, which erodes silver, gold, and brass, has not in the least injured its supreme beauty, *summam pulchritudinem*, nor its most vivid colors'" (p. 115).

GERTRUDI STERBINIÆ (p. 242).

The memory of this saintly religieuse is enshrined in two Latin elegies (the first of which appears also in an Italian version) and in a stately Inscription (p. 242). They formed the contents of a small but elegant volume issued by the Vatican press, and were reviewed in the *Voce della Verità* by Professor Farabulini, from whose critique the following details are taken. The Pope wrote them "in the name of one of the most highly esteemed members of his court, the Commendatore Giulio Sterbini, and dedicated them to the memory of a dear sister of his named Barbara, who, on entering the Roman convent of the Visitation Order, received the name of Gertrude. No

sooner had Monsignore Pecci, on his return from the Belgian Apostolic Nunciatura, been made aware of the excellent dispositions of the young Sister, than he perceived the saintly possibilities of such a soul, and began, after the example of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, to fashion it by wise counsel into an obedient instrument of the holy Will of God. . . . Happy this angelic soul to have such a panegyrist! She will still live in his verse as an example for those who shall come after her. Happy, too, her brother Giulio, his family and his descendants, to find such venerable hands busied in the erection of so lasting a memorial!"

The Professor considers the inscription worthy of Morcelli—"e Morcelliana." And of the Latin elegiacs he says that they are "graceful poetry, rich with beautiful imagery and loving affection." He thinks the Italian hendecasyllabics both faithful to the thought of the original and elegant from the standpoint of vernacular poetry.

ERRATUM CORRIGE: Page 145, title should be "In Upper *Carpineto*," instead of "In Upper Perugia."

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Poems Of Pope Leo XIII

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